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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Could the worst enemy of Russia have had a free hand to effect precisely the blow that would most damage Russian fortunes at this moment, he could not have done better than organise the attack on English fishing-boats in the North Sea by the Baltic fleet. Her admiral's madness is so ruinous to Russia that it disposes immediately of any idea of a deliberate outrage. In fact—apart from the ravings of newspapers—no one has suggested it. But the mere absence of deliberate malice does not go far to draw sting from the offence. The Tsar is said to have sent a message of regret to the King. But very much more is necessary. No doubt it was reasonable that the Russian Government should desire to hear their own agents' version of the matter before committing themselves to an answer. They have had an opportunity of doing this. If the reports of the admiral's version are even approximately correct, it must add greatly to the Russian Government's difficulties. And we think it very possibly is correct. The only conceivable explanation of the admiral's proceedings agrees well with his "seeing things", in the dark. Nervous folk see ghosts. It is quite possible he and his officers did see a Japanese torpedo-boat, when there was not one within many thousands of miles. But people who see things in this way are not fit to be at large. However, in any case, we may already rest assured that no dangerous friction will ensue.

According to the admiral of the fishing fleet who gives lat. 55° 18' N. long. 5° E. for the scene of the "battle", the trawlers must have been further to the eastward than was at first supposed, but whether they were athwart the proper course for the Channel depends upon the point which the Russian admiral fixed upon for shaping course to the southward. This is so obvious that it would not be worth mentioning were it not that he is said to have been out of his course. The exact position of the fishing boats is not material in helping to explain Admiral Rojdestvensky's attitude on the 21st, for he was nearly certain to fall in with fishing boats somewhere in the waters traversed, but the site of the encounter being so far from the English coast does dispose of the theory that the boats were fired on with malice aforethought, for it raised no presumption that they were British. In places where seamen congregate the Russian exploit is put down to "mismanagement and damned funk". The only reason

to doubt the existence of "funk" is that there was no ground for it: Japanese destroyers could not go 1,000 miles from their home waters without being reported, they could not undertake a long voyage without a "mother" and they must have set out months ago to have been in the North Sea on the 21st of October. It is more than likely that there are Japanese naval officers in Europe but they cannot carry about torpedo boats in their pockets and as the Whitehead cannot be fired except from ships or boats built to carry it, the North Sea was as safe from torpedo attack as the Caspian.

The Russians were not more justified in assuming the existence of mines in the North Sea. Currents, tides, depth of water, uncertainty of weather combine to prevent mine-laying in the open sea, apart from all questions of international law and rights of neutrals, but supposing the Japanese willing to set the world at defiance and able to set floating death-traps for the Russian ships, they would be merely wasting time in doing so unless they could read the Russian admiral's thoughts, for there are other ways out of the North Sea than through the Straits of Dover. Admiral Rojdestvensky seems to have forgotten that he need not have risked the terrible dangers of the southern route, but since he faced them so boldly, he might have remembered that destroyers are not only handy craft for reconnoitring suspicious vessels but eminently useful for the particular employment for which they are primarily designed. It might also have struck him that if you wish to bring a hornet's nest about your ears, make a good display of searchlights in the neighbourhood of an enemy's torpedo boats. The admiral evidently holds peculiar ideas on these matters; be that as it may, he neglected his duty in leaving the hostile trawlers to fight again. We say hostile because peaceful fishermen would strongly object to being made cover for Russia's enemies. Besides no torpedo-boat commander would select a floating town of neutrals to hamper his movements, neither would he look for game in the midst of one, for all ships avoid running amok amongst fishing fleets when they can go round them.

Whatever point of view is taken, the conclusion is irresistible that it would be unfair to demand the abandonment of the Baltic fleet expedition—probably more unfair to Japan than to Russia. Though it contains some good ships, it is very clear they are manned with incompetent crews. How far Admiral Rojdestvensky can be really blamed for the guns going off it is impossible as yet to tell, but he will have to meet the charge of leaving the wounded to shift for themselves. The most charitable excuse to put forward on his behalf is that the strain on the nerves of a commander-in-chief must always be very

great under modern conditions of warfare, especially when he feels he cannot trust the judgment and capacity of his subordinates; we remember instances where captains of individual ships have broken down through overwork in the short period during which naval manœuvres last. Count Reventlow is perhaps right in saying that Røjdestvensky is a very nervous gentleman naturally, and if so it may well prove that command of the Baltic fleet has been too great a trial for him. The Germans have wittily dubbed him Don Quichote de La Mancha; the name is likely to stick. His choice of Trafalgar day to tilt at phantoms adds point to the gibe.

The hawk of holy things is scandalised now as he was fifty years since at the distinction between the killing which is lawful and the killing that is lawless; but the note of "inarticulate horror" which has gone up over this thing from all countries proves afresh that humanity does recognise the distinction as clearly as ever. On the very day on which the incident was announced, a modest little paragraph in the papers gave the total of the Japanese killed and wounded in the recent battle, a matter of fifteen or sixteen thousand. From a strictly "humanitarian" point of view the sense of proportion is wanting here, but this is the kind of case, perhaps the solitary case, in which its absence is very right and natural. Even the zealot who professes to regard all killing in war as simple murder does not venture to scale the crime of the butcher's bill in Manchuria and Port Arthur against that of the North Sea business—the pity of the latter being so much greater.

What George Eliot called the sense of human brotherhood has been outraged by the Baltic fleet—whereas in Manchuria there is no such sense to outrage. The cry that has gone up may have in it a certain note of fear on behalf of commerce, but the predominant and unmistakable ring is better than this, it is one of horror and anger over an act of sheer brutishness towards a class of men known to be singularly innocent and unoffending in their character and pursuits. There is always something in the thought of deep-sea fishers and their manner of life which it does one good to dwell on. No vocation is more honourable than the sea-fishers', no hardships are borne more patiently than they bear theirs. Every landsman who has worked among the North Sea trawlers bears witness to their uprightness as a class, their rough kindness, and their gratitude for physical and spiritual benefits.

Almost on the instant that the news was authenticated the King telegraphed his sympathy to the Mayor of Hull. He spoke of the "unwarrantable action"; and Lord Selborne, who was the first of the ministers to express himself publicly, said in reference to the telegram "I have no doubt . . . that the Tsar and the Russian people will feel their responsibility in this matter just as the King of the British people would feel it", but his trust in the Russian attitude did not prevent him from describing the tragedy as an inexcusable outrage demanding immediate reparation. Lord Selborne set a statesmanlike note which has been admirably followed by responsible men. Lord Onslow, by expressing a superfluous hope that relations with Russia would not be broken, at least impinged on the uniform correctness, but with this small exception the press has had no warrant from prominent men for its too bellicose periods.

Among Ministers Mr. Lyttelton perhaps put the co-existing duties of indignation and courtesy as well as anyone. The firing was either deliberate or criminally negligent, and Lord Lansdowne's demand of prompt as well as full reparation was the proper expression of the Government's duty; but the climax of his advice to the public was to "dissociate the act from the great monarch who presided over that great empire, also to dissociate the many good people of Russia from any knowledge of the outrage". It is well to remember, however inexplicable this case, that the honour of any nation is momentarily at the mercy of aberration in one or two of its officials. Lord Londonderry was not very illuminating; but his reminder was timely that he and the rest who were without any special knowledge were under obligation to refrain themselves

from any wider accusations and to await the response to the Government's demands.

On such critical occasions, where party politics are not concerned, the greatest opportunity rests with the Opposition; and, as is meet, the Leader of the Opposition on this occasion made good use of his position. He could speak a little more freely than Ministers on the heinous nature of the disaster; and, following Sir Edward Grey, who spoke a day earlier, gave it as his opinion without qualification that the "atrocious act" was not a blunder, not a misunderstanding, not an accident. "No action", he said, "could be too strong in reply to it"; that was undiplomatic language, but he atoned by his instant and emphatic disclaimer that the action was in any way authorised by the Russian Government. This part of the speech was admirably done. Lord Rosebery has said something that does not come to much.

It is almost as if the generals in the Far East had been waiting on the crisis brought about in the North Sea. Beyond a little skirmishing on the eastern wings and an occasional bombardment by Russian artillery the two great armies have rested opposite each other for ten days without definite action. The armies are so close that in some parts they are not more than 600 yards apart. The Russians still hold the defile of Ben-you-Povya, which they took at the battle of the Sha-ho. It is where the road from Pen-si-hu to Fusan bifurcates to Mukden. Owing to the intensity of the fire, and the absence of cover, both armies are compelled to entrench as they advance. Spades appear to be indispensable adjuncts to the equipment of infantry attacking in the open. The Russians first realised the necessity of entrenching during the attack in their assaults on Plevna. Field-Marshal Oyama reports that the loss of the Japanese at the battle of the Sha-ho amounted to 15,879 of all ranks, including killed, wounded and missing, and a Russian account says that 1,500 bodies were found about Lonely Tree Hill and buried with military honours. The Japanese buried 13,300 of the Russian dead, and captured forty-five guns.

The difficulties of the armies have begun to increase greatly. Fuel has become very scarce. All the brushwood has been cut, and the woodwork taken from the houses of the villages. The severity of the cold, which is very intense at night during the winter, will make it very difficult for the armies to keep the field without proper shelter and with no heating materials. So far the Japanese have been remarkably free from disease and the wounded have done well, but it is said that the wounds inflicted on the Russians during the battle of the Sha-ho have proved much more severe than those received in previous engagements. This may have been due to the thicker clothing that they were wearing, or to the use among the Japanese of a rifle of an older pattern with a more effective bullet.

The proclamation of Alexeieff, whom we now perhaps cannot call either general or admiral, puts an end to all doubts of the recognition at S. Petersburg of General Kuropatkin's services. Alexeieff remains Viceroy, and in that capacity issues the Tsar's proclamation expressing a sense of high appreciation for the Viceroy's fine work in concentrating men at the front, and transferring from him to General Kuropatkin the office of Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the East. Whether, as in the case of Alexeieff, the direction of the fleet is included in the term is not expressly mentioned, but we may perhaps infer that the definition of the office is not changed in passing to other hands. The conjunction of the two commands in one person is an old and honourable practice; and in this case the benefit of the concentration of authority does not confer an honour of too great burden. At the moment the direction of the fleet in Far Eastern waters would not be a laborious addition to any man's work.

The expedition to Tibet reached Chumbi on 24 October, and the experience of a survey party sent out from Phari indicates the severity of the conditions which made the return necessary. The party were caught in a blizzard on the top of a pass, the local guide lost



his way and before Captain Cowie returned with the force to Phari, sixty-nine of his men were blinded and twenty-five frostbitten. The painful incident has been selected as an opportunity for declaiming against the folly of sending an expedition to undergo such hardships without bringing any adequate return. It would have been more satisfactory no doubt if the Chinese Amban had signed the treaty but it is a perverse misinterpretation of facts to argue that the treaty signed in Tibet is valueless because the endorsement of the rather shadowy suzerain is postponed.

We hope Lord Selborne has not exhausted his South American stories. He told the American officers entertained at the Pilgrims' Club on Tuesday his second anecdote from the Admiralty records. One could not parallel from Marryat the account of the self-constituted triumvirate of an English, an American and a French captain who formed themselves into a court of honour and successfully ended a revolution. It was complained in some quarters that London had been devoid of hospitality to the American visitors. The humour of Lord Selborne's speech should go a long way to make good any deficiency, but like the triumvirate he spoke of he was much more than humorous. His picture of the sort of masonic comradeship which exists, as it were by the influence of the sea itself, between the sailors of all nations was most attractively drawn; though it must be confessed that the general truth of his ideal is vitiated by some conspicuous exceptions.

A vote of confidence, that perhaps surprised in its completeness even the French Government, brought to a conclusion the debate in the Chamber, which necessarily followed at the first possible date M. Combes' Auxerres speech. But the discussion on the many interpellations was to this extent in the air that no date was suggested for the ending of the Concordat and the majority of 88 is anything but equivalent approval of any special measure. M. Combes spoke at great length; he reviewed the whole history of the relations of the Bishop of Laval and Dijon to the Pope and accused the Vatican, in these incidents as in general practice, of interfering beyond the terms of the Concordat with the liberty of the French Government. What he had to say was to a large extent spoiled by a ludicrous indulgence in grandiloquent comparison and metaphor. References to Canossa, to a mediæval emperor shivering in the front outside a Pope's palace, have no place in a discussion which is the immediate result of a government's suppression of Catholic liberties. M. Combes confessed that he had told a Nuncio ten years ago that he desired a separation between Church and State. How then can he argue that his present determination is the result of the pretensions of the present Pope?

That most ably engineered opposition to Chinese labour in the Transvaal is already practically exhausted. Mr. Hewins has made us pretty comfortable as to the ultimate intention of the Opposition leaders. The last blow was dealt by Mr. Lyttelton in his speech to his constituents on Tuesday. The figures which he has received from Lord Milner should be accepted by the British labourer as final answer to the only argument which appealed to him. During the last five months white labour in the mines has increased by 1,700; and this increase is coincident with the employment of over 12,000 Chinese. Prosperity is estimated chiefly by statistics of employment; and employment depends on the general productive activity of the country. The Chinese have immensely increased the sum of work in the Transvaal and in consequence of this result, which could have been effected in no other way, profitable occupations in and about the mines and through the country will be progressively enhanced for the white men who are prevented by social conditions from themselves doing the lower-grade work.

Everybody respects him and everybody gets out of his way, said Disraeli of the superior person; we forget whom he was referring to, perhaps it was Horsman. Mr. Henry Hobhouse, who has decided not to stand again for Parliament, is distinctly superior, but we are sure nobody ever thought of getting out of his way in

politics, for—rare among superior persons—he has always shown himself the most mild-mannered of politicians. He complains, in effect, that there is no room in the House of Commons nowadays for the moderate party man who desires to reserve for himself the right of independent speech and vote from time to time when the spirit moves him. In office there is certainly little disposition to make room for this type of politician. But surely it would be easy to name a score or more of able men of the type who have always had a ready audience in the House of Commons within the last ten or fifteen years. The free lance, though admittedly this description suggests too much skittishness and irresponsibility to be well applied to the lesser Courtney, is in a way the true sybarite of politics.

The opening of the Law Courts this year was very much what it always is; but it is not every year that so many judges appear for the first time in the judicial procession. There were three, Mr. Justice Warrington, Mr. Justice Bray and Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence, Mr. Justice Wright's successor, who has never sat on the Bench except in the Vacation Court. It would not be a bad thing if next year there were as many changes. Five judges are entitled to pensions. Judges get slower as they get old; and perhaps newer men might make up for at least that one additional judge which is said to be wanted but which the Government will not appoint. The public do not appear to be enthusiastic about judges just now. No cheers unless for the new men were raised in Hall. Perhaps the contrast between the pomp and parade and the way in which work is done is beginning to tell. They are all in arrears, except the Chancery Courts; and the House of Lords sits so rarely that it is getting worst of all. It has seven cases in its list that have been there ten months and nearly half for about seven. The new School of Law for the Empire will probably be started in the course of the year; but it would be just as well if changes were made in the practice as well as in the teaching.

The evidence in the Beck inquiry ended on Monday. There was a regular *saue qui peut* amongst the witnesses. Mr. Gurrin, however, the witness as to handwriting, admitted frankly the mistake he had made. One thing only was universally allowed: that if Smith and Beck had been shown to be different men Beck could not have been convicted. Sir Kenelm Digby said this evidence would have been admitted if Mr. Gill had pressed the matter. Mr. Gill replied that Sir Kenelm had not mastered the case or he would not say so. Mr. Horace Avory had his excuses for refusing to place it before the Court. Sir Forrest Fulton had his for rejecting it. Mr. Justice Grantham hinted that he would have admitted it in 1904; but it was never before him because though the Home Office knew in 1898 that Beck was not Smith, the Court was not informed.

Mr. Justice Grantham was severe enough on Beck in his summing-up at the trial; and it is difficult to understand his effusive declarations as to his uneasiness about Beck's guilt. It is monstrous that, when there is doubt as to the admissibility of evidence to show innocence, it should be rejected. If it were to show guilt there would be reason for refusing it. The law is supposed to lean in favour of not guilty. It does not seem so from the Beck trials. A judge's mistake is covered up in the silence of the prison. All the supposed difficulties about a Court of Appeal would vanish if there was any energy amongst those who are responsible for legal administration. Two judges apologising for sending a man to penal servitude is not an edifying spectacle.

The prosecution of Slater's Agency staff for procuring false evidence in the Pollard divorce case was begun at the Central Criminal Court on Tuesday, the judge being Mr. Justice Darling and the Solicitor-General prosecuting. There are six prisoners included in the conspiracy charge, and Osborn is charged separately with inciting Maud Goodman to give false evidence. It is months since the inquiries before the magistrates were first held and they occupied many

sittings. Practically the same evidence will be produced, judging from the Solicitor-General's opening speech, which lasted two days, as was produced before in the suit instituted by the King's Proctor in the Divorce Court last March which occupied about a week. How stale it is may be gathered from the short reports given in the newspapers of what before took up columns. There are twelve counsel altogether engaged in the case, six of whom will have the right to make speeches. Up to Thursday most of the evidence given was formal. The Jersey incidents were then gone into and the evidence given in the Law Courts was read, but the Plymouth part of the story has not yet been reached.

Lady Dilke, who died on Monday at Woking, was a woman of undoubted attainment. Rather an astute way to fame some years ago for those "in the Swim" of her sex—indeed both sexes—was to be recognised as "a Soul". It may have been affected rubbish: but it paid. Lady Dilke had no need to pose thus: she really had a singular intellectual force, and if she did nothing that will live in literature, she did something that will be recollected. She entered, one may safely say, with complete devotion into the tense ambition of Sir Charles Dilke—an ambition very creditable but so anxious as to be almost painful—to bring once more his great abilities to their full public service. Lady Dilke was a scholar in more than one language, brilliant as a hostess, and with a mind strangely logical for a woman's. Before her death she had completed a series of studies ranging from the Renaissance in France to the end of the eighteenth century, and if her final work, which won the admiration of French critics as well as English, had a fault, it was that the somewhat cramped conditions of publication led to an excess of documentation as compared with general criticism.

One of the proudest works of the "Oxford Magazine", which we always rejoice to see in the enjoyment of its untroubled continuity of tone, was to analyse in an early number of last October term the fortunes of Oxford men in the Indian Civil Service Examinations. This year the percentage of successes is even higher than usual; and never was Greats more thoroughly justified. Ten of the first twelve and forty-seven of the successful eighty-seven had taken a final school at Oxford. Further statistics show that three, of whom Mr. Blackett who heads the list is one, were "blues", and thirty-seven of the forty-seven represented their colleges at football, cricket or on the river. These successes were not without the co-operation of the coaches. It is indeed astonishing how many marks some six weeks' coaching can add to a man who has been through a final school, especially Greats. This may be a bad compliment to the nature of the Civil Service examinations; but it seems to us a proof, though an unexpected one, of the excellence of literæ humaniores. The school provides a man with such a foundation of knowledge or rather mental training that those who have gone through the linguistic, philosophic, and historical education which it involves can in a few weeks catch up candidates who have spent the bulk of their time in cramming instruction.

The Rugby Union has been so long identified with Mr. Rowland Hill that it will scarcely know itself now he has ceased to be secretary. We can think of no one who has exercised such influence in athletics for so long; and he has been fighting all the time. Some recognition of professionals has been almost continuously demanded. He has given way not a fraction. Even the secession of the northern clubs did not affect him and thanks to him Rugby football of to-day is all that Association football has failed to be. One would perhaps have expected that the Rugby game which flourishes among mining populations would have been more especially liable to the professional spirit, and the work of the Rugby Union has certainly been as inherently difficult as that of the Football Association. The present difference in the administration of the two games is the measure of Mr. Hill's good work. We are glad that his successor is a Rugby and an Oxford man.

#### THE BOLT FROM THE NORTH SEA.

THE prevalent feeling on reading that the much talked-of Baltic fleet of Russia had fired on a fleet of fishing-boats in the North Sea was one of stupefaction. The outrage was so cruel and stupid, so mad, in a word, that the power of criticism was for the moment numbed. It was this paralysis of judgment, we are afraid, rather than a higher moral or intellectual quality which accounted for the calm dignity with which the news was handled by the newspapers. The scalpers of the yellow press had not time to put on their war-paint: even the "Times" seemed to forget that its correspondent had been turned out of Russia. It was a golden hour; a swiftly-gliding opportunity of repairing by means of an electric wire the frightful mischief that had been wrought. Had the Tsar telegraphed on Monday or Tuesday to the King or the Prime Minister or the Russian Ambassador a frank and gracious apology, with a promise to punish the officers responsible, we believe that it would have been received by the nation, not only with relief, but with something like enthusiasm. For the British, if a quick-tempered, are a generous people, and nothing goes straighter to their hearts than the admission of error and the profession of repentance. But the Tsar and his advisers, if such a word may be applied to his ring of grand dukes and officials, have discovered in the face of this sudden and awful crisis much the same qualities which have marked their conduct of the war with Japan, a want of sagacity. If the Tsar really knows what is going on in the world outside Russia, if he ever reads a newspaper or a despatch or a telegram, he must either be more stupid than his enemies have depicted him; or he must be, contrary to the view of the writer in the "Quarterly Review", a puppet in the hands of the roystering grand dukes. Conceive the downright duncery of waiting for a report before apologising for an inhuman outrage committed by his servants upon the unarmed subjects of a friendly Power! In ordinary life a gentleman apologises first, and inquires afterwards. Nations are more touchy than individuals; and it was therefore the more imperative that the Tsar should not lose an instant in making what amends lay in his power. Yet the first five days of the week have been allowed to pass without anything in the nature of satisfaction having been offered to the British nation, for we believe that even the niggard and cold telegram to King Edward was invented by a journalist. Putting aside the brutality of the delay, the folly of it puzzles us. If the Russian fleet had suddenly run into our home fleet, or had happened upon a German cruiser, or been crossed by a mail steamer, possibly carrying contraband, we could imagine an excited commander firing, and there would have been some excuse for the Russian Government waiting for an explanation. But a fleet of fishermen! We again recur to the puzzling question, Why should the Tsar, who has hitherto been known as an enlightened and humane sovereign, suddenly behave with the callousness of one of his Cossacks, and the boorishness of a moujik? To borrow a slang phrase, What are the Tsar and his Ministers playing at?

The most prevalent explanation is that Russia is trying to pick a quarrel with Great Britain. It looks rather paradoxical, a stroke in the Gilbertian vein, for Russia to invite Great Britain to attack her as a way out of her defeat by Japan in Manchuria. But it is not inconceivable that Russia might think that by engaging in a war with England as well as with Japan, the other Powers, France, Germany and the United States, would feel justified in intervening to insist on peace. This of course would suit Russia very well. Or the Russian Government might think that a war with Great Britain would bring about a general war between four or five Great Powers, and that Russia's disgrace in the Far East would thus be overshadowed and forgotten. We do not ourselves believe either of these theories. Such a policy is in our judgment too fine spun for Russian brains: and if Russia had wanted to quarrel with us she could have done so a dozen times already over Tibet, or the "Smolensk", or the "Malacca". We think it far more probable that the firing on the fishing-



trawlers off the Dogger Bank was really a mistake, due to fright, or temporary insanity, or ignorance of the sea; and that the question which is now agitating the minds of the Tsar and his Ministers is, not whether they will make a belated apology and offer compensation in money—that they will be willing enough to do—but whether they dare recall and degrade their admiral at the request of the British Government. We use the word “dare” advisedly; for the military party, which includes the admirals, is strong in Russia; and to allow Great Britain to dictate discipline to the Russian fleet might well be an impossible course even for the Tsar to adopt. The danger of the present crisis, as of all similar situations, is that either Government may go or may have gone too far to recede, and may have made demands which can neither be withdrawn nor complied with. For ourselves we do not take an alarmist view. The slowness of Russian diplomacy has already precipitated the war with Japan: we refuse to believe that it will be allowed to plunge her into war with Great Britain. There is another by no means negligible argument. Admiral Rojdestvensky and his Baltic fleet lie between our Channel and Home squadrons. Unless adequate amends are made to us the Baltic fleet stands to be either sunk or captured. Even the Tsar and the grand dukes must see that. Russia's position would then be one of greater helplessness and consequently of greater humiliation than was ever occupied by any first-rate Power. We do not believe that the Tsar will put himself and his empire into such a position. But in the meantime British statesmen and publicists have their duty to discharge. They must be patient with the ways of Russian diplomacy, and they must discourage all fanning of the flame of national resentment by vindictive or enterprising editors.

#### PARTIES AND PREFERENCE.

THE public is not accustomed to pay any great attention to the annual conferrings of parties, a matter of many resolutions and no results. “Common form, to be taken for granted” is the natural comment. This year the annual meeting of Conservative Associations is stirring us even less than usually, for we are all intensely preoccupied with a great national and international situation, beside which party issues, with their familiar and fussy paraphernalia, shrivel into contempt. Whether this was to Mr. Balfour's advantage or to his discomfiture on this occasion people will decide entirely as they view the party situation. Those who think the Conservative party is in a parlous way will think he was fortunate; those on the other hand who think there are great issues, yet unavoidably party issues, on which it is most desirable that the country should intelligently fix its attention will therefore regret the diverting foreign element, apart from its intrinsic merits. The country is expecting a general election before long and issues will be raised at that election of far greater importance than the usual one, whether the Ministry in office shall be given a further term or be replaced by the Opposition. Whatever be our views of the fiscal question, no matter from what point of view it is approached, it is impossible to question its gravity and great potentialities for good or for evil. Nor can it be looked upon as a merely or even mainly domestic matter. It was launched as an issue for the British Empire and already it has become an imperial question in a more practical form than anyone could have dreamt of two years ago. It must be faced and thought out. Englishmen will be deceiving themselves and doing their country the greatest injury if they allow their attention to be wholly diverted from this issue by more attractive and more exciting matters, or if from familiarity with words and sounds they relapse into indifference. If they can only acquire any familiarity with the merits of the question, there will be no fear of any indifference towards it.

The aspect that is most before us, partly because of its party and personal interest, partly because the Opposition wish to keep it in front, is the position of the preference policy towards the Unionist party, or, to put it otherwise, the political relation of Mr.

Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. The great object of the few Free Traders in the Unionist party is to obtain what they call party re-union on the basis of dropping preferential tariffs, and to this end they are fond, especially Lord Hugh Cecil, of working out complicated comparisons, tricked out with all the ingenuity of an advocate piecing together evidence to sustain his theory of his case, to show that Mr. Balfour hopelessly disagrees with Mr. Chamberlain; therefore, Mr. Balfour being Prime Minister, Mr. Chamberlain must go to the wall. These gentlemen may think Mr. Chamberlain is the kind of man who is easily pushed to the wall by dialectical processes of that sort; we are not sure that even if the dialectic were irrefutable, it would have precisely that result. But the whole of this fine-drawn party calculation is absolute waste of time; no amount of citation of past utterances of public men will affect by one straw the future of the preferential trade policy. That question has now been raised; the policy has been put forward and is being worked out in detail by the Tariff Commission. Those who are interested in it and determined to carry it through will not in the long run be affected one whit by any calculation of party unity, by any adverse utterance of a Unionist leader, by any tactical disposition of the party for the time being. Whether or not it is raised officially as a party issue at the next election is a minor matter. It may commend itself to the Unionist powers that be to present only one aspect of the question to the country at once. Whatever may be the word of command of the party managers, for ourselves we do not see how it will be possible to prevent the question of preferential tariffs being raised at the next election and becoming one of the most prominent issues, if not actually predominant, before the electorate. No party leader can dictate to an elector's mind. If an elector cares for this question supremely, he will find out what are the views of the respective candidates and vote accordingly. If a candidate refuses to discuss the question, or disclose his views, because it is not authoritatively before the country, we imagine he will not have a very successful career. We doubt if a single Unionist who insisted on observing that attitude would get in. But they are few indeed who will be so foolish as to do anything of the kind. Therefore we are not much exercised on the point whether preferential trade is to be an official Unionist “plank” on this occasion. Whether official or not, it will be an issue actually before the public.

But another, in some ways a new, factor has already put the matter beyond the control of party leaders or party managers. Mr. Balfour has said that he intends, if returned to power, to call a Colonial Conference to consider preferential trade. The colonies have declared themselves in favour of preference; and any such conference will in effect be a step towards preferential trade. A voter would have to be a very dull-witted person to think he could vote for or against the calling of this colonial conference and yet not be voting on the question of preferential tariffs. This colonial conference is to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, question put forward officially by the Conservative party next election. That is to say the question of preferential trade is to be put forward. If any Unionist free-fooder who could not support a preferential tariff finds himself able to vote for this conference, we may congratulate him on this happy arrangement with his conscience. It is not for us to look a gift vote in the teeth. But the conference may decide against preference. It may; we hope such a probability will induce Liberal candidates to make the conference a plank in their platform as well. But the important point to us is that Unionists who are preferential traders shall realise that this policy cannot in fact, even if it can in form, be withheld from the country at the next election; and that in supporting a colonial conference they will be supporting the policy of preferential tariffs.

We are not sure that the country realises how profoundly the whole position as to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals has been modified by the recently declared attitude of the leading colonies. Foreign affairs have obscured the importance of these declarations so that the public has not adequately considered them. Every

one recognised that if the colonies, in fact if one leading colony, declined to have anything to do with the policy, the whole matter fell to the ground. Unlikely as it always seemed, such an event was at any rate possible. It was indeed legitimate for Liberals to predict it. That unknown quantity is now defined with the result that the one contingency that might prove fatal to the preference policy is gone. Preferential traders stand on incomparably surer ground than before. It is the peculiar character of colonial support that it is not support merely of one party. In Canada an election campaign is going on. Both parties are proclaiming their desire for preference, each competing with the other in the eagerness of its support. If it is said that this is merely electioneering pressure, that only the more shows the strength of the desire for preference amongst the people; both parties thinking adherence to preference the most popular appeal. In Australia every one of the three party leaders has pronounced in our favour, Mr. Watson, the Labour leader, emphatically so. In New Zealand there is no opposition to the Premier's attitude of enthusiastic support. South Africa has declared in favour without dissension. Thus those who are opposing preferential tariffs are really fighting the whole of colonial Britain. Whether they intend it or not, they become anti-imperialists. This new position of affairs must have made some of the Liberal Imperialists extremely uncomfortable. When its truth and significance really comes home to them, as it must do in time, they will not care to remain in perpetual opposition to our colonial empire.

#### POPULAR SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

A VERY furious discussion lately arose between certain eminent professors of physical science and certain biologists as to the possible cause and origin of life. Lord Kelvin suggested that some other explanation of the manifestation of life in the world was required than was to be found within the range of physical facts and laws hitherto recognised by biologists. He added that biologists themselves were on the way to introduce some such transcendental principle as this into the speculations of their science. Immediately Sir W. Thiselton-Dyer and Professor Ray Lankester denied, with all the fervour of which biologists are possessed, that there was any such tendency in their ranks; and, with more or less polite circumlocution, pointed out how desirable they thought it that the men of physical science should confine themselves to their own legitimate operations. Lord Kelvin was charged with attempting to revive an old and exploded theory of a "vital principle" with which biologists of the present day would have nothing to do. The controversy did not settle anything, and since then the disputants have held themselves towards each other in a state of armed truce. But the peace has always been precarious; especially since Sir Oliver Lodge became the Principal of the University of Birmingham, and the *Hibbert Journal* began to keep the biologists in a continual state of nervous alarm. The guns are always ready to go off of themselves. The expected has happened. Sir Oliver Lodge let off a shot at the Midland Institute of Birmingham on the 12th of this month in the shape of a lecture on "Mind and Matter". The biologists rush to their arms and Professor Ray Lankester and Dr. Chalmers Mitchell send letters to the "Times" declaring that Sir Oliver Lodge is not fighting fairly. He has used they say a big gun of their own and charged it with unlawful ammunition condemned by the laws of honest polemics. In plain language they declare that he has quoted their master Huxley in support of a proposition which Huxley never affirmed, which he would have denied, and which in fact he did deny.

Sir Oliver Lodge is not charged with ignorance of what Huxley said but with a pious fraud. He was opposing the materialism of Haeckel expounded in the notorious "The Riddle of the Universe" which has become the popular handbook on the subject amongst the classes who patronise the "Hall of Science". His view of Haeckel is not more severe than Dr. Chalmers Mitchell's who speaks of him as one of the belated

survivors of the nineteenth century. Sir Oliver Lodge described Haeckel's scheme as based upon two propositions one of which only we need repeat. It is The inorganic origin of life, will and consciousness. His criticism of it as reported was "This is equivalent to a developed kind of spontaneous generation: a hypothesis contrary to the facts of science as at present known—the facts of biogenesis so emphasised by Huxley". It is quite correct to say that Huxley held that spontaneous generation had never been proved to originate any form of life known to us. But it is equally true that he expressed the belief that if he could have seen the first born life, it would have been the product of inorganic matter. We think all Sir O. Lodge's words necessarily mean is that Haeckel's materialist theory is as unacceptable as the idea of spontaneous generation, which is contrary to the facts of biogenesis so much emphasised by Huxley. But we do not think that many people hearing a lecture would get that impression. On the contrary we fancy they would believe that the lecturer meant that Huxley did not believe what Haeckel believed about organic life coming from inorganic matter. Sir Oliver Lodge made a very confused statement: that cannot be denied and it is unpardonable in a scientific man. If scientific men of all sorts are not infallible in expression as well as in substance, what is to become of us who hang on their words as if they were inspired? We must have plenary inspiration or we shall lose our faith. Sir Oliver says he knows perfectly well what Huxley did say; but, as we said, he repeated it in a very imperfect and confusing way to his audience. It is a misrepresentation, but we do not believe the confusion was intended to gloss over the difficulty about the origin of life at the beginning. Life made in the laboratory would be as disconcerting to the class of believers whom Sir Oliver is charged with wishing to soothe as life springing up from inorganic matter at first. Yet he states in a letter that he told his Birmingham audience this was quite a possible discovery in the future; that it would be in no way perturbing, though it would be of intense interest. This does not appear in the report of the lecture given in the "Times". It shows however that Sir Oliver could have had no reason for concealing an opinion of Huxley's which he himself was quite willing to accept.

The desire then to make capital by any intentional twisting or misrepresentation of scientific teaching held orthodox by Professor Ray Lankester and Dr. Chalmers Mitchell is not proved against Sir Oliver Lodge. But it must be confessed and deplored by those who have even higher interests in view than the reputation of Professor Huxley that a great deal of harm has been done to religion by the efforts of some men speaking in the name of science to present it in such a way as "to soothe the supporters of dogmatic theology"; as Dr. Chalmers Mitchell puts it. And these unwise believers are only too ready to take anything as science which comes under that guise, if it is plausibly made to look like supporting their opinions. The mellifluous Professor Drummond was an instance of such a pseudo-scientist who obtained much popularity amongst these uncritical believers. Yet Christians have much more to fear from this class of apologists than from any of the clamourers against belief in the supernatural such as Haeckel, or any announcer of physical discoveries which upset received opinions of the physical world that have been associated with, but are never a necessary portion of, religious belief. In their eagerness to accept doubtful science from professors of their own religious views they rely on supports which break down as soon as a real piece of scientific fact, however disagreeable it may be, has been proved. Religious teachers who encourage those whom they direct to welcome science if it is orthodox, and spurn it if it is connected with unorthodox or irreligious teaching, are certainly not taking the wisest method of dealing with religious difficulties raised by scientific theories. It will be found much wiser to do what some of the greatest scientific men of the day are doing, who are not "belated survivors of the nineteenth century" such as Professor Haeckel. Professor Ray Lankester in the previous controversy said the best thing that was said then or can be said at any time in these disputes. Religion and science have nothing to hope and nothing to fear from each other:



they are on different planes. Lord Kelvin, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes and others have freed themselves from that narrow dislike of their nineteenth-century predecessors to consider the universe in any other aspect than that of the material. They are more conscious of the spiritual plane even than many of their contemporaries. The physical plane seems to suggest to them the spiritual; yet they do not attempt to prove what appears to them to be things of the spirit by demonstrations in physics. The physical has done its work in suggestion; the proof lies in a region where "science has nothing to fear or hope from religion nor religion anything to fear or hope from science". This is the true line of apologetics for believers, and not a reliance on doubtful science which is always exploded by facts that concede nothing to false sentiment. The preference of other scientific men for the standpoint of agnosticism in regard to what does not palpably lend itself to strict physical inquiry is intelligible. Their sciences neither prove nor disprove anything in that sphere. Those who believe ought not to be less logical. Let them take the best science just for what it is worth; and not look for aid to a weak faith from science, which if it is true is here irrelevant and if false is ridiculous. We trust nobody will think he is defending religion by quoting a misapprehension about Professor Huxley. If this is prevented by Professor Ray Lankester and Dr. Chalmers Mitchell's energetic protests, an otherwise unimportant dispute will do some good.

#### THE IGNORANCE OF BISHOPS' CHANCELLORS.

THE Diocesan Chancellor was called into existence for the correction of sinners. For two hundred and fifty years however he has ceased to perform his normal functions. The Faculty jurisdiction which he is to-day permitted to exercise in the sphere of Church architecture and decoration chiefly serves for the annoyance of the faithful, and for a testimony against any extension of the powers of our absurd ecclesiastical Courts. The reason for this, as the recorded judgments of our Diocesan Courts Christian show, is that the average Chancellor is as much out of place, when confronted with a nice theological or historic point, as would be the most learned member of the episcopal bench, if he were suddenly summoned to act as judge in the Bankruptcy Court. No trouble whatever seems to be taken by the majority of our Prelacy to discover whether the Chancellor whom they appoint has any qualifications for his office. In most cases he will be a barrister and by no means always a distinguished one. It is improbable that he will know aught of the Canon Law. Often his acquaintance with Church history will be distinctly more limited than that of a young lady who has attended a single course of extension lectures on the Elizabethan epoch. His theological studies seem seldom to have extended much beyond the judgments of Lord Penzance. Of the feelings of Churchmen, who have studied the history of their Church and believe in their Church catechism, he will in many cases have no comprehension. But by way of compensation he may justly pride himself on the splendid audacity that rushes into the mysteries wherein the angels fear to tread. He is probably ready in his judicial discretion to indicate the mode in which the faithful in their private prayers should or should not approach their Maker.

To illustrate the truth of our criticism, it may be well to recall a very recent judgment of one of these presidents of our Courts Christian. The gentleman in question, Mr. Chadwyck Healey K.C., is a lawyer of high distinction, though his fame has been won chiefly in the highly uncanonical field of the law relating to limited companies. Three bishops have recently conferred chancellorships upon him and as the official principal of the Bishop of Exeter it fell to his lot to pronounce judgment on the following case. A generous donor had offered to present to Paignton Church in the Exeter diocese a carved oak screen surmounted with a crucifix and the figures of S. Mary the Virgin and S. John. From an artistic point of view the proposed

rood would have added a new charm to a singularly interesting and historic church. The matter was brought before the parish vestry, which unanimously petitioned for the erection. (It may be mentioned here that it was proved before the Chancellor that in Paignton Church the services are strictly in accordance with the Book of Common Prayer and that even the Eucharistic vestments are not used.) There was therefore not the slightest ground on which the most timid Protestant could fear an outbreak of superstitious fanaticism from the erection of the figures. The vestry's approval being obtained, it was considered necessary to apply to the Bishop's Court for a faculty and the question therefore arose, whether the erection of a rood in an Anglican church was lawful. Now to the Chancellor and to the petitioners it was common ground, that there is no statute, article, canon, or rubric which declares the representation of a sacred scene in either painting or sculpture in an Anglican church to be illegal. Indeed the contrary was distinctly established by the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the case of the reredos in Exeter Cathedral. Was however, it may be asked, such a representation of the Crucifixion as was here proposed justifiable on Anglican principles? Bearing in mind that this scene has appeared in stained-glass windows in our churches for the last three hundred years the question might fairly seem ridiculous to a logical mind. However we are able on this matter to supply Mr. Chadwyck Healey and his friends with the exact views of the person most entitled to understand the Elizabethan reformation, to wit Queen Elizabeth herself. Let them take up the Zürich letters in the Parker Society's publications and read what Bishop Sandys, himself a great smasher of images, says at page 74 in a letter written after the passing of the Act of Uniformity, and after the breaking of the roods: "The Queen's Majesty considered it not contrary to the Word of God, nay rather for the advantage of the Church, that the image of Christ crucified together with Mary and John should be placed as heretofore in some conspicuous part of the church where they may the more readily be seen by all the people." The writer in the same letter adds that in respect to the public destruction of images in which he took part as a royal commissioner (a piece of vandalism on which as we shall see our learned Chancellor imagines that the Church of England spoke her mind for all time) he came very nigh to being deprived of his Bishopric.

But is exact law on the point needed? Well, the other day the late Dean of Arches, Sir Arthur Charles, whose decisions are of course binding on the Chancellor of Exeter, allowed the erection of a chancel screen with a rood similar to the one which we are now considering in a London church S. Anselm's Pinner. In so doing this learned ecclesiastical lawyer explained that the mere possibility that such an ornament may give offence to certain persons of Puritan proclivities is not a legal objection to its erection. But even here the matter does not rest. For still more recently a theologian of eminence, who is far from being a High Churchman, to wit the Bishop of Winchester, consecrated a church near this very Paignton containing a rood, and stated that in an architectural decoration of this kind there is nothing whatever idolatrous.

So much then for the law and the doctors. Now for the Chancellor. At the commencement of his judgment he made it clear that the hideous outbreak of iconoclastic fanaticism which marked the early years of Elizabeth's reign, which the great Queen herself so strongly condemned, and over which so Protestant a poet as Spenser shed tears of shame, appeared to him to constitute the sober judgment of the Church of England on the subject of ecclesiastical art. This being Mr. Chadwyck Healey's judgment, it was still unnecessary for him to go on to add "Other decorative and obviously innocent adjuncts to the screen might be found", for they suggest the very painful idea, that this judge of a Court Christian sees something not "obviously innocent" in a representation of the death of Christ. It would however have been interesting if only a hint had been given as to the "adjuncts" which he would have substituted for the Saviour, the Blessed Virgin, and S. John. If, as he imagines, the iconoclastic vandalism of the Elizabethan Commissioners is the test to which

the modern Court Christian is bound to conform, then no figure of a person reputed to be a saint, Scriptural or otherwise, would be lawful, for Sandys and his merry men smashed not only rood lofts, but every kind of holy image and would have certainly ground to powder the Exeter Cathedral reredos. From this point of view however a bust say of Lord Penzance or of Sir William Harcourt would doubtless have been an innocent adjunct; anything more Scriptural tending to idolatry. If however the learned Chancellor agrees with the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and nearly all his fellow-Churchmen in thinking that a group of sacred figures may be a lawful Church decoration, he himself repudiates the argument that he has sought to draw from the sacrilegious brigandage of Reformation days. Before leaving this portion of the subject, another point in this remarkable deliverance must be noted. The Chancellor informs us that the proposed rood screen was arranged in a way made familiar by "Roman precedent", an extraordinary observation in view of the fact that the Roman Catholic Church to-day dispenses with screens. It would be as sensible for the learned Chancellor to describe himself as a Roman Catholic official in view of the fact that, as Vicar-General to the Bishop of Exeter, he holds an office which is of distinctly mediæval origin.

The worst thing however about the judgment was that after making a practical admission that the law was doubtful, the Chancellor concluded by saying that in his opinion such an erection as the proposed rood was "neither necessary nor expedient". No reason for this opinion was assigned. Some extraordinary dicta of Lord Penzance quoted in the earlier part of the judgment suggest however that the learned gentleman may be afraid that the representation might put religious thoughts into the heads of people who happened to be saying their private prayers in church. Some however will wonder whether Mr. Chadwyck Healey was not unconsciously reflecting the feelings of that large class of modern society, that objects alike to the representation of the Crucifixion in a picture and to its proclamation from the pulpit.

Any way the fact remains that though law, religion and history were on its side, though every guarantee that even the Court of Arches could suggest was given against any danger of abuse, an unfortunate parish has seen its unanimous petition rejected, and itself deprived of a munificent gift by the arbitrary "discretion" of a gentleman whom the world knows only as a company lawyer. We still trust that Sir Arthur Charles' successor at the Arches may be able to do for Paignton what Sir Arthur himself did for S. Anselm's Pinner. However this extraordinary judgment shows that in our modern Courts Christian it is the devout believer in historical Christianity, who is marked out for suspicion and repression, a fact which explains if it does not justify much of the so-called ecclesiastical disloyalty.

#### FIGURES OF THE FISCAL QUESTION.—VI.

THE remark with which we closed the last article as to the danger to the working classes of this country which must follow the more rapid growth of the manufacturing industries abroad, and especially in those countries which are and have been the principal external sources of supply of the food requirements of the United Kingdom, is one which needs and deserves further amplification. Consciously or otherwise it has been at the very root of the whole fiscal controversy. The danger is no insubstantial figment of the imagination, but a real and material one which the electorate of this country should grapple with and overcome. The policy and method by which this danger may best be met need not be discussed here. That a solution to the problem will be attained in the end there is no reason to doubt.

Let us state the problem briefly and in a way which will appeal with equal force to both the combatant parties in this great question. During the last thirty or forty years we have in this country drawn off a large portion of the population from the production of articles of food to the production of manufactures, to be employed

in exchange for food procured abroad. If this had not been done, there would be at the present about one and a half million more hands engaged in this country in agricultural pursuits. The industrial classes have been swelled by this considerable accession of labour units, and industrialism has developed to an extent it could never have hoped to do otherwise. Manufactures have been stimulated, factories and workshops have been erected, railways have been constructed, and ships have been built to aid and assist this new movement. Capital has been invested in huge amounts to lubricate the complex machinery of the new economic régime. Meanwhile the working classes have acquired, with considerable labour and patience, the skill and experience which have given their products an entry into every country of the world. To be compelled to retreat from the advanced positions which they have after so much labour taken up would be disastrous. In a rearguard action, such as a step so serious would involve, the loss to both capital and labour would be immense. Their interests are so inextricably bound up that the injury to one must cause the ruin of the other.

It must be remembered that the antique fiction of a "capital which is perfectly mobile" no longer holds good. It is no longer true that if capital prove unremunerative in one direction, it can easily and readily be withdrawn, and applied more remuneratively in other directions. A large portion of the capital is invested in plant and machinery whose value must be written off entirely if there is no work for them to do. The capital invested in this form becomes, therefore, "fixed" and immovable. The manufacturing concern is quite exceptional which could divert even 20 per cent. of its capital into "more remunerative" works. The demoralising effect of his manufacturing experience on the capitalist proprietor would probably lead him, even then, to fight shy of further industrial works. He would prefer to invest his residue in gilt-edge securities here or abroad, securing a return for himself, though no longer finding employment for labour.

If this be true for capital it is no less true for labour. The desire to combat competition at home and abroad has necessitated economies of production such as could only be realised by extreme specialisation in every stage of production. Every worker now contributes only in a minute degree to the ultimate product. Whether it be the production of a coat, a nail, or a pin, any number of workers may have been employed before the article is completed. A modern electric incandescent lamp passes through a hundred or more separate stages before it leaves the works ready for use. This fact while it has been of immense advantage in reducing costs and hence in finding new markets, and retaining old ones, has made the labourer more than ever dependent on his employer. Skilled labour is no longer mobile, just as we have seen to be the case with manufacturers' capital, and his lot is cast, now more than ever, with that of the capitalist.

The change in the character of our industries may be inferred from the figures for the supply of foodstuffs to the United Kingdom. It is estimated by Lord Goschen that in 1902 four-fifths of the total food requirements of this country were obtained from abroad. Confining our attention to those descriptions of produce which are and can be produced on British farms, it can be shown that the value of the food imports, exclusive of tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, and maize, amounted in that year to £165,000,000 or 60 per cent. of the total consumption. A similar calculation for a period only twenty years ago would show that the imports of this class of produce did not then exceed 35 per cent. of the total requirements. Allowing for the increase of population in the interval, it is clear that in less than a single generation our dependence on imported food-supplies has more than doubled.

A more detailed analysis of the figures shows that we now obtain 43 per cent. of our total meat requirements, nearly 80 per cent. of our wheat requirements, 66 per cent. of our butter, and about 50 per cent. of our cheese from abroad. A quarter of a century ago these proportions were, 16 per cent. for meat, 48 per cent. for wheat, 46 per cent. for butter, and 37 per cent. for cheese. The absolute increases of imported foods are, of course, greater than are here indicated, since



in the interval the population has increased by about 30 per cent.

Turning from this country's requirements to our sources of supply we find that while the population of the United States, our principal wheat-supplying country, has increased in numbers between 1880 and 1900 from 50 to 76 millions, or by 52 per cent., her wheat area has increased from about 34 to about 42 million acres, or by 23½ per cent. only. Her total area under corn of all kinds has increased in an even smaller ratio. Between 1885 and 1900 this area rose from 136 to 158 million acres, or by 16½ per cent. only. It is thus abundantly clear that the United States' demand for corn is very rapidly overtaking her supply, and in less than twenty years it is possible that she will require for her own use every bushel of corn she can raise. The same remark applies to the Russian Empire, our chief corn-supplying country after the States, whose total corn area appears to have increased by 12 per cent., while her population has increased by nearly 20 per cent. The continued industrial development of Germany makes her a keener bidder every year in the world's market for her corn. Even now she draws immense quantities of grain from Russia, the Balkan States and America. The tendency is, therefore, that as a country like the United States becomes diminishingly dependent on other countries for her supplies of manufactured goods, because she will then make them for herself, she will at the same time cut down her exports of food-stuffs with which she formerly purchased them. On the other hand less "self-contained" countries like the United Kingdom and Germany may grow increasingly "industrial", and import more food each year for her increasing populations.

It is just at this point, when the necessity for new sources of supply is forced upon us, that the situation in Canada gives us hopes of combating the threatening danger. That country, with a population of about 5½ million people, and a territory larger than that of the United States, and not less rich in natural resources, is bidding fair to become the corn mart of the world. The United States Government expert in 1901, referring to Manitoba, the North-Western Territories, and the Western parts of Ontario, says that less than 2 per cent. of the available wheat area is at present cultivated. He concludes with the startling estimate that "a crop from all the wheat land tributary to Winnipeg would produce more than the entire world's consumption for one year". The area under wheat in the North-West Territories in 1903 was 840,000 acres with an estimated yield of 16 million bushels. In the province of Manitoba, with its area of 41 million acres, a very moderate estimate indeed would put at least half this land as suitable for successful corn-growing. The land actually cultivated in 1902 was only two million acres, and produced 47 million bushels. Manitoba alone is thus capable of yielding 450 million bushels of wheat annually.

The position is such that it is obviously desirable for this country in her own interests to induce the Canadian population to expend her capital and energies in agricultural pursuits. As Canada fills up, she will need an increasing quantity of manufactures which she will be able to procure most cheaply and advantageously by direct exchange with England for her corn, meat and dairy produce and other products of agriculture.

### THE CITY.

THE City has received a sharp reminder of the contingencies attaching to war in which a European Power is involved. It had almost seemed that after many months—even years—of patience a revival, spreading practically to every department of finance, was to bring a greater measure of prosperity all round. And then the unexpected happened as it usually does. It was quite remarkable how calmly the markets regarded the Russian outrage in the earlier part of the week, that is in so far as reflected in quotations, but the check to business was positive and to our knowledge the volume of fresh purchases both on investment and speculative account which was cancelled by telegram on Monday was very considerable. The general feeling of

course was that with the entire Continental press against Russia a prompt apology and reparation would be at once forthcoming, but as time slipped by with nothing but a doubtful telegram from the Tsar, the misgivings gained strength and on Wednesday the markets were evidently in a state of tension which needed little encouragement to slip into panic. The strongest spot was undoubtedly in the South African mining market, which is of course very largely a most sensitive reflection of the Paris Bourse, but although prices sagged somewhat the resisting force was excellent and confirms the opinion of good judges that we were—and may be still—on the eve of a substantial improvement. If the mining market can withstand the strain of the past week it must be beyond dispute that the position is perfectly sound: it is hardly necessary to add that should this country be forced into war the influences which govern all markets must apply here also, so that one cannot advise purchases at the present time. The long-discussed Rhodesia Banket company has been "introduced" and it is much to be regretted that the sponsors have not seen fit to publish full particulars as to the properties with reports from responsible engineers as to prospects and values. We note with satisfaction that certain financial writers of repute have dealt strongly with the omission to which we refer: this practice has been consistently denounced in these columns and we are convinced that the issuing houses are pursuing a short-sighted policy which will be eventually to their own detriment. We welcome therefore the circular issued by Messrs. Goerz and Co. in connexion with the flotation of the Van Dyk Proprietary Mines, as the document is a clear statement of fact which permits the ordinary investor to understand what he is invited to subscribe to and what is still more desirable the shareholder in the parent company is offered a participation before market speculators have deprived him of the chance of acquiring an interest except at an inflated figure.

Fluctuations in the American railroad market have been very violent, but here again the future is dependent on the political situation and it would be the maddest gamble to offer positive advice. Our information is that the general economic conditions in the States are excellent—the absorbing power of the community has been demonstrated on several occasions recently in the issues of first-grade bonds, and we regard the outlook for the investor in the well-managed transcontinental lines as quite satisfactory.

The issue of £1,500,000 Water Stock came at an unfortunate time and about 30 per cent. went at £92 11s. 6d. which is only 1s. 6d. above the tender price of £92 10s. The Corporation of Woodstock has also been unlucky in appealing to the public just now although the issue is underwritten and under the protection of the Standard Bank of South Africa its ultimate success is assured; the public however are not familiar with the minor municipalities of Cape Town, several of whom require loans on excellent security be it said, and it would have been a fine advertisement had the present loan been many times over subscribed as it might well have been a week or two ago. We understand that a debenture issue is shortly to be made on behalf of an influential Capetown importing house and if political developments are satisfactory the prospectus may appear before our next issue—a 5 per cent. debenture on the security which we understand is to be pledged, is well worth attention.

### A REVOLUTION IN LIFE ASSURANCE.

THE most interesting announcement that has been made for a very long time past in connexion with Life assurance is the one which has just been published by the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Society. It amounts to nothing less than the abolition of the bonus system, and cannot fail to have a great effect upon the whole future of Life assurance throughout the world. These may seem exaggerated statements but there are good reasons for making them. It is beyond question that the system of giving bonuses had its origin in ignorance of the actual cost of providing

assurance protection; but as the experience in regard to assured lives has accumulated, it has become possible to predict accurately the future mortality of policy-holders. The only other elements which enter into the cost of Life assurance are the expenses of management, which are under the control of the officials of a company, and the rate of interest to be earned upon the funds. The latter is the only feature that is at all uncertain in predicting the cost of Life assurance protection. The Bonus system is cumbersome and inconvenient in the extreme: in the great majority of cases it involves the payment of high rates of premium and provides for the return to the policy-holder of the superfluous extra which he pays. Especially in inferior companies, the bonuses fluctuate from time to time, sometimes yielding very poor results to the policy-holders. In selecting a Life policy under the present system it is necessary to consider the probabilities as to the future profits of Life assurance companies, which is a task that none but the expert can accomplish satisfactorily. The great majority of people would much prefer to have an absolutely guaranteed contract, provided they were certain that in taking such a policy the insurance company was not making too much profit out of the payments made.

The announcement of the Hand-in-Hand is that at the end of this month it will cease issuing to new policy-holders contracts which participate in the future profits of the society. Instead of letting the results depend upon the surplus to be earned in the future, they are absolutely guaranteed. There are several forms of policies which may be taken. The amount of the sum assured may remain uniform and the premiums are unaltered throughout the whole period for which they have to be paid; or the premiums may remain uniform throughout and the sum assured be increased by a guaranteed addition of 2 per cent. per annum; or the sum assured may remain uniform and the premiums be reduced from time to time by a fixed percentage. The last two plans are precisely the same as the with-profit policies which have been issued for several years past by the Hand-in-Hand, and to which we have frequently referred as being among the most lucrative policies which can be obtained. The difference is that the benefits which formerly depended upon the maintenance of surplus are now definitely guaranteed. It is not possible to give too emphatic a welcome to the important change which is being introduced; nor would it be possible for any insurance companies but the very best to issue such a policy as this. In order to give such benefits a company must work economically and occupy a financial position of unassailable strength. No actuary dare commit his company to permanent guarantees of this character without feeling certain that they are justified by the experience and position of the office; and there are very few Life assurance companies at the present time able to take so bold and so wise a step. This new departure should do much to make Life assurance popular, and to make it easy to discriminate between good and inferior Life assurance companies. The bonus system was justified by ignorance, and ignorance having given place to knowledge the bonus system is justifiable no longer. It is inconvenient; it tends to disguise the merits of the best companies; it has faults innumerable; but the new policy of the Hand-in-Hand should go a long way towards abolishing the whole system. There is no office so well fitted for taking such an important step as the Hand-in-Hand. It is the oldest insurance society in existence: it values its liabilities on a stronger basis than any other insurance company in the world, and is consequently able to sell absolutely guaranteed benefits upon terms which compare favourably with the best results of other offices contingent upon their future profits being maintained.

#### THE GUARDIAN OF THE MYSTERIES.

IF we glance down the ranges of human history, one fact appears to shine out clearly among much that is contradictory, baffling and obscure. One seems to see the crowds of humanity, pushing and jostling this way and that, and the soi-disant Expert ever reaping a

sure harvest from the confidence which vast numbers of the crowd repose in him. And one also perceives that those races and groups of men which have evolved themselves to the front are such as have, among other things, managed to appraise this individual most correctly and have distinguished him from what we may call the genuine and honest Authority. These considerations apply to all departments of human thought and action—whether it be among religious creeds (where he holds, perhaps, his snugest position), war affairs, business, politics, or art, this subject or that, the soi-disant Expert—the Guardian of the Mysteries—the Mandarin—the High Priest—sits atop, erect upon his golden throne, smiling down upon the crowd that struggle beneath him. "Pass through my turnstile", he seems to say, "and pay in your money or give up your quest. This is the only channel to right information".

It is, of course, immediately obvious that we must all of us in the case of any subject we approach endeavour to get the best opinion upon it, and the problems for plain men seeking guidance are how to discern this highest authority, and, having found him, how to instate him and subsequently keep him from degenerating into sophisticated dishonesty. This last process is unfortunately only too frequent. How often do we see the hitherto honest authority gradually fossilising into a Guardian of the Mysteries! Installed at first into his position by reason of his knowledge, his wisdom, or his vigour—either or all—for a while he fills his place well. Gradually, however, he wearies of the needful energising, and wishing to toil less and yet retain his authority undiminished, he allows himself to think it is his personality which is of value; he lessens his study and his receptivity and becomes at length a sort of self-contemplating Buddha, gazing in rapt ecstasy at the pit of his own stomach: "I say—so-and-so—and I am the Expert, vide my past achievements and first-class certificates." The talisman which shall keep him from this sort of decay is, it seems, first of all an absolute honesty of mind (a none too common gift) and next that he keep ever before him the fact that it is not his own, so to say, dead personality that entitles him to his position; not the mere fact that he is John Smith, but the fact that he happens to be the best medium for light on his particular subject.

All the above may seem woefully platitudinous, yet if so it is a platitude which is incessantly ignored and therefore bears repeating. Further it may be noted that the Guardian of the Mysteries is so fully occupied in fortifying his own position, that he has no sufficient time to study and think over the subject on which he claims to dictate. As the greatest authority on his own highly technical subject once remarked, "One ought to spend two hours every day sitting in one's chair and thinking". This your charlatan Expert never can afford to do, nor indeed does he wish to do so; his time is fully and often pleasantly occupied in polishing up, cleaning out, and sounding his own trumpet, and he hardly considers his "subject" at all, except in so far as it affects himself. He acts therefore solely on the principle which guides those astute gentlemen who plaster the peaceful fields alongside our railways with their pill and pickle advertisements. If you see the two words Perks and Pickles often enough in juxtaposition, you are likely to turn to Perks when you want your pickles. Of course a certain amount of this is inevitable in all life; indeed, useful and necessary.

Thus far for the Authority himself, and how he may keep himself straight. Now for us who seek to select and follow him—How are we to discern the right Authority? In truth there is a touchstone whereby the genuine may be discerned from the spurious, but it is indescribable—for it is "intuitional". Those who have clear intuition can "tell" the honest expert from the humbug expert, but they cannot easily give their reasons; and if they attempt to do so will in all probability bungle the explanation.

A fine example of discerning and utilising the best authorities was afforded by the Emperor of Germany, William I. That great ruler was a straightforward, clear-minded, honest man—probably not a man of great talents in the ordinary use of the phrase, but



nevertheless possessed of one of the highest and rarest gifts, the faculty of judging men—the artistic faculty to perceive the varying talents (or want of them) in those by whom he was surrounded; and he had, further, the sense to select the best men, and act on their advice, and support them. And a dozen instances of the same genius in choosing men of “good counsel”, in business affairs, political life, or the professions, will occur to anyone who has spent much time amid those spheres.

The reader may perhaps fear we are bordering on regions into which intrusion is near to blasphemy or treason, and trifling with the foundations of religion or loyalty; let us hasten to tell him he will find nothing of the sort in these concluding lines. As to religion, if people would remember that it is a matter which finds its true sanctions on the spiritual plane, they would worry less as to the fabric of their temple, and whether it is built of oak or iron, diamond or gold; and as to political sovereignties, it is only where they are based on false assumptions that what is said here will impinge on them. And for thrones, these are inherited, in the normal course of stable governments, from immediate blood-predecessors, and have therefore little to do with the topics we are just now trying to consider. The rules of heredity, too, apply equally to kings and carpenters, bootmakers and scientists. The son inheriting much of his father's nature is also apt to meet at an early age with the same influences as his father met, and is, to that extent, the better fitted to his task; while the prestige that a rightful successor to a throne legitimately possesses makes the largest proportion of his claim to his constitutional position. Does anyone suppose, for example, that if he were suddenly substituted for our present gracious Sovereign he could carry out the latter's work equally well? Danger might creep in if the occupant of a throne, wishing to increase his power, attempted to wrest to himself an undue proportion of the influence wielded by others. Such is a common habit among bad sovereigns, or sovereigns with bad counsellors, or rulers whose power is based on deception. In the cases of the Pope and the Emperor of Russia, for example; both these support their strivings after over-weening power by evoking transcendental sanctions—duly wrapped up in mystery.

In truth, daylight is the cure for all these mischiefs, as well as the illuminant of justly founded claim. When sufficient light is let in, things are seen in their real proportions and no honest wielder of power need fear it; the more it shines the more his position is established, for it is seen how real are his true claims, how he is by the very nature of circumstances the right man in the right place.

As a concrete and eminently modern instance of our line of thought in tilting at the Guardians of the Mysteries, take the case of the most wonderful human phenomenon that has been witnessed for many hundreds of years, the absorption of Western applied science by Japan and the pushing of it, as it seems, even beyond the confines it had yet reached when she first approached it. For while the whole recent development of Japan seems a miracle, the most astonishing feature of it is the amazing readiness with which the Japanese have discarded the fetters woven by their former Guardians of the Mysteries. It may perhaps be answered that to some extent the facts of modern Japanese development prove the contrary of these theories, since the Japanese learnt much of their military science, for example, from the Western professors of war, who taught them. But in reality this argument will not hold, for the Japanese have very markedly displayed what we are throughout pleading for—an alert willingness to seek teaching from genuine technical authorities, but no blind or meaningless acceptance of their dicta if they found these were unsound or out of date. It will be noticed that they have adhered to what is the keystone of all European military success—patriotic discipline—a thorough control by the supreme staff—careful attention to detail—clear adhesion to the main object to be attained, &c. &c.—but have discarded what is the damnation of much European military work, the fossilised wooden habit of being ruled by textbook precedents and

formulas, to the exclusion of fresh and live thought. They are thus continually readjusting theory, discarding unsuitable rules and searching out fresh ways of attaining their point, while always adhering to good main principles.

Again take our own question—this matter of Fiscal Reform. What a stupendous uproar against daylight has been raised here by the Guardians of the Mysteries! Mr. Chamberlain's views may be right or may be wrong, but what is indisputably necessary is that the questions which his views play upon should be considered afresh from time to time—and most especially just now—that inquiry should not be quashed nor regarded as intrinsically outrageous because those representing certain vested interests think it better for themselves that we should keep to the old roads. The very accusation which is often hurled against Mr. Chamberlain—that he is a turncoat—gives away the position of those who thus cavil at him, if it means, as it can only mean, that he is ready to put on any coat in which the best work can be done.

As one of the most frequent mischiefs in youth is a too eager and unsettling pursuit of novelty for its own sake, so one of the surest proofs of fossilising middle age (which to the best minds never comes on at all) is a dread of fresh ideas as fresh ideas.

In conclusion, then, let us put it thus—let the ordinary citizen beware of authority when it gets pompous and mystical—when it refuses to speak out clearly, and indulges (in answer to a plain question), either in wordy generalities or a cloud of unintelligible side talk—for when he sees this coming about, he may reasonably suspect that his authority is fossilising into a Guardian of the Mysteries. BARTLE C. FRERE.

#### PROVINCIAL GALLERIES.

THE Birmingham Gallery is to be congratulated on securing, through the liberality of a small body of donors, a rich collection of drawings by Rossetti and Burne-Jones. Mr. Fairfax Murray's collection, numbering some five hundred drawings, was offered to the Print Room, but it is difficult for a department so poorly endowed to pay the large sum that was required for a single purchase. All manner of competing claims have to be considered; it would not have been reasonable to buy the collection as a whole, and very likely selection was not possible. A provincial gallery on the other hand is almost bound to limit, in some way, its field of purchase, and is freer to concentrate on particular schools. The Birmingham Gallery has done this very successfully under Mr. Whitworth Wallis' direction, and by careful watching of opportunities and the generosity of wealthy citizens (for there is practically no annual endowment) it has been possible to get together a fine set of Pre-Raphaelite pictures. The connexion of Burne-Jones with the town added a patriotic interest to the line taken, and justifies what might have been thought an excessive purchase of his drawings in the case of another gallery. For it must be owned that though there are many fine examples of his work, and few of the latest and poorest kind, the effect of this collection suffers from some monotony and reduplication. Later on it might be good policy to effect exchanges with other galleries of some part of the excess. It is different with the Rossettis; the creative variety and absolute power are so much greater, and the collection contains several of his very finest drawings. For example there are studies for the Oxford frescoes at a moment when his designing force was at its highest (the Print Room, fortunately, has a first-rate example from this series); there is a study for the head of the lover in the Magdalen composition, which shows not only his invariable composing power but a nervous keenness in the forms which was afterwards lost. There is also such a delightful excursion from the groove in which his art ran as the early watercolour of the “Laboratory”. There is the head of the woman in “Found”, the only valid part of that project, a lovely drawing for the “Mariana” and others of the Tennyson series, the sketch of Tennyson himself, a head of Rossetti's mother and many more.

The purchase is therefore a valuable and interesting one in itself, but it is also notable as an example of how purchases ought to be made, and more particularly as an example in method to the provincial galleries generally. Last summer it was abundantly established that in the case of our metropolitan gallery purchase by a large committee was a hopeless way of doing business, and still more when that committee consisted of artists belonging to one exhibiting society. The result was shown to be that such a committee acts as a trade union would act, buying only the works exhibited in their own gallery, and keeping up the prices of the exhibitors by purchasing at figures far beyond the open market value. For anything outside there was complete indifference, and what was outside happened to include much of the important painting of the time. The neglect of the Pre-Raphaelites in particular by the Chantrey purchasers was the opportunity of the provincial galleries. Liverpool and Manchester stepped in where the Academy failed, and Birmingham gave Mr. Wallis a free hand up to the limit of the money available. This, as Mr. Wallis explained to the Chantrey Committee, was the secret of his success. Having chosen a director in whom (with good reason, as it has turned out) they had confidence, the committee of the Corporation allowed themselves to be guided by him in making purchases, and when, for lack of time, it was impossible to consult with them without losing the picture, Mr. Wallis felt sure enough of his ground and of their support to conclude the purchase and have it approved afterwards. Now one can appreciate well enough the difficulties of the committees that manage corporation galleries. The members feel themselves responsible to the ratepayer, even when the purchases (as at Birmingham) do not come from the rates. If they have no strong artistic conviction themselves, they may well feel alarmed at having to defend purchases against the well-known type of busybody who writes to the papers to denounce any unfamiliar work of art as an eyesore. Against this sort of thing the function of a committee that understands its business is to form a wall of flint, and let their chosen director work safely inside. Unfortunately the corporation committees generally have not yet reached the pitch of wisdom of the Birmingham authorities. Instead of taking the responsibility and acting as a defence to a competent director against ignorant busybodies, they assume the director's duties themselves, make their own purchases, and reduce the director of the gallery to a mere curator, a servant who takes the orders of the committee.

What happens as the result of this way of doing business? Occasionally, of course, a man not only of real taste and knowledge serves on such committees, but one who is able to impress his views on the committee generally. Hence the spasmodic good purchases which we see. On the other hand buying is affected by the type of committee-man who loves the opportunity of patronage and exercises it ignorantly. But in the main the members of such committees are modest men, who have their personal preferences in art but are too distrustful of their own judgment to press them, and therefore look about for some outside authority. Such an authority they have sought, till now, and it was natural enough they should seek it, in the Royal Academy. The result has been that the history of the Chantrey collection has been repeated in the formation of the provincial collections. This tendency has been reinforced by the manner in which purchases are generally made. When the Academy and other summer exhibitions close, the unsold pictures go on a tour in the provinces, and the rule is that purchases for the permanent collection are made from these annual exhibitions and paid for out of the gate-money. Now not only has it been the tradition in these exhibitions to follow the lead of the Academy in the importance attached to various artists, but the Academy has frequently an active hand in the arrangement, Academicians being invited in turn to go down to hang the gallery in consultation with some local representative. Whether or not their advice is directly sought in making purchases, the influence exerted in this and other ways is a strong one, and the committees, playing for safety, reproduce in their own collections the kind of choice that has been

so thoroughly condemned in the case of the Chantrey collection. The same thing, it may be said incidentally, is true of the Colonial galleries that are in the habit of seeking academical advice. The provincial galleries, accordingly, which are limited by the machinery of no trust in their purchases and are free to do the best they can for themselves, have yet suffered greatly by confiding in the authority of the society that perverted Chantrey's scheme.

When they have fully realised this state of affairs I have no doubt the provincial galleries, whose number keeps growing, will assert their independence and perhaps offer an example to London itself. I have spoken of the good example set by Birmingham in securing a competent director and giving him a free hand. Another hopeful sign is the admirable exhibition just closing in the youngest of the galleries, that of Bradford. I have already referred to the impression it produced on a critical foreign observer, much interested in English art. He found a satisfactory representation of modern as well as of older painting in this country, such as he failed to find elsewhere. The exhibition has been as successful as it was well planned, and leaves a large sum in the hands of its promoters. No announcement has been made of the use to which this money will be applied, but if the Bradford authorities should make the beginnings with it of a collection of modern English work as well selected as this first exhibition, and as free from the trade-union exclusiveness that has ruled too long, they will have taken a step not only important for themselves, but one that may be followed by a general advance.

It is tempting to speculate what might be done with a few thousands, even, in judicious buying, but my space for the present is exhausted and I must leave the subject for some other day. D. S. MACCOLL.

#### MR. MANNERS' ENTERPRISE.

THE attention of scientific persons is called to the following remarkable theory. The sea is made salt, we are told, by rivers incessantly running into it after filtering through salt-beds. This process goes on daily, hourly—nay, every moment a large amount of salt must be poured into the ocean. Concurrently a process of evaporation goes on: if it did not there would soon be no rivers. But as the sea evaporates and the vapour ascends to the heavens to form clouds and provide the umbrella-makers with a means of earning a livelihood, the salt is left behind. A moment's reflection will show the least scientific that this being the case the sea must gradually be getting more and more salt; its density must be increasing, so that it is no idle dream that some day the Atlantic will have the same specific gravity as the Dead Sea or Salt Lake, Utah, U.S.A. We are what suns and winds and waters make us, and it is possible that in the far future the earth's entire population may become Israelites or Mormons. And the thing may go further. We may some day be able to go to America on foot, or by train; and prudent shipowners will at once insure against this contingency. This theory has never been questioned by any scientist of any eminence because I invented it all by myself and have kept it absolutely a secret until now; and I hope to have my name preserved for posterity in the text-books as the originator of the Runcimanic hypothesis. Newton, Darwin, and I shall be together.

I mention it here for two reasons, partly to indulge the legitimate pride of an original thinker, partly because since making the discovery—two minutes ago—it has occurred to me that here we have a parable. Mr. Charles Manners has just sent me an account of his opera project for the benefit of Sheffield, and it is obvious that just as the sea is slowly becoming solid so the vast sea of musical criticism and comment is also thickening as the stream of suggestions and good, if cheap, advice flows into it. I alone have told Mr. Manners enough to enable him to make his fortune ten times over. Soon we shall be able to march over this mass dry-shod



to our America—a national opera. In fact so much has been written, and, what is worse, printed, on the subject that a path may have to be cut through it so that we may cross it as the Jews allege that they passed over the Red Sea. This Sheffield scheme is very much more important than at first appears. Mr. Manners, as I have several times remarked, does a good deal of writing and talking—as we all do—but he does more: he forms plans and carries them out. Someone in a Sheffield newspaper objected to his frequent repetitions of such time-worn curiosities as “*Maritana*” and “*The Bohemian Girl*”. Mr. Manners, his soul aflame, retorted that these works drew large audiences and paid the expenses of fine works that did not pay their own way; and he offered to give performances of the fine works on a large scale if someone would guarantee the expenses. He added that should there be a profit he would give it to a charity, and, to speak as the vulgar, that fetched ‘em! I dare say the people who have accepted the offer are very worthy persons and musical enthusiasts, and I have no desire to disparage their efforts; but I feel compelled to ask them why, music being so poor and opera absolutely destitute, they should be robbed and made to pay for other things. Why, if the present venture results in a profit, should not the money be hoarded against the time when Sheffield will have a permanent opera of its own, or even with a view of repeating the experiment next year? Perhaps Mr. T. Walter Hall, who took Mr. Manners at his word, knew the people he would have to deal with, people of the sort that support our great musical festivals and gladly pay to be entertained by music and musicians provided that musicians and music gain nothing. Anyhow, Mr. Hall accepted the offer, an agreement has been drawn, an agreement in which I perceive the devilish hand of the lawyer in that jargon which lawyers themselves cannot understand and fight over for months, their clients paying the expenses—and Sheffield is to have a week of opera on a grand scale. “*Tristan*”, “*Tannhäuser*”, “*Carmen*” and “*Faust*” will be given, also “*Mignon*” and “*La Juive*”; and one evening will be devoted to an entertainment that reminds me of a gala programme at Covent Garden: the first acts of “*Siegfried*”, “*The Valkyrie*” and “*Lohengrin*”. An “influential committee” has been formed, and the surplus, if any, will be given to the Sheffield University fund. The prices are moderate, the highest being 10s. 6d. for a stall, and Mr. Manners undertakes to combine the forces of his two opera companies, and to have the same scenery, dresses, orchestra &c. as he employs in London.

I don’t know whether the inhabitants of Sheffield, unlike some of the knives they make, are sharp; but they will prove themselves very blunt and dull-witted if they do not take advantage of this scheme. Here we have at last a form of musical festival that one can conscientiously and unreservedly encourage. “*The Messiah*”, “*Samson*”, “*Judas Maccabeus*”, “*Elijah*” and “*S. Paul*”—these are all very well in their way, but one does not want everlastingly to be hearing them to the exclusion of other and more recent works. “*Tristan*” is no greater a work of art than the “*Messiah*”, but after listening to the “*Messiah*” fifteen hundred times it is a welcome change. It appears to me a wicked waste of money that a provincial town, such as Sheffield itself for instance, should organise a huge festival, fetch down singers, players, even conductors, from London for no other purpose than to have three or four fevered days of repetitions of works which our grandfathers and their grandfathers dozed through ere we were thought of. I reckon that every festival puts back the clock. English people, accustomed from childhood to only one sort of music, oratorio music, inevitably find it difficult and in many cases impossible to understand any other sort. At least nine out of every ten English students have a disability to conquer before they can commence to compete with their Continental rivals who have from the beginning heard all styles of music. And see what the festivals do for our composers. A fee of a hundred guineas or so is offered for a cantata, but it has to be written to a pattern with plenty of work for the chorus—with or without reason the chorus must be kept busy, and if a tender maiden’s

lament has to be given to the basses, so much the worse—it has to wind up with a chorus and a high C for the soprano soloist, and anything new in it means damnation and death. It is not at all wonderful that the cathedral organists of this country are such dull dogs. They grind out their chants and hymns all the year round and then by way of variety they get the “*Messiah*”! Mr. Manners’ week of opera is infinitely better than that, and it will be a great thing if it teaches only one town that there are newer things in music; and Sheffield should at the same time understand that on the Continent every town of its importance has opera of the same quality not for one week of the year, but all the year round.

One fact must be borne in mind. Sheffield is not encouraging opera, but opera is encouraging Sheffield. Sheffield might encourage opera by devoting the profit of the week to a fund to ensure more frequent operatic performances in future, but, instead, the profit is to go to a university. Whether there is or is not a profit Mr. Manners will be working a week for nothing. Opera has never been encouraged in this country. London did nothing for it last year. Royalty has never done anything for it, though Sir Augustus Harris and his company used to go down to Windsor and return laden with honours and a silver inkstand. Perhaps it is as well: we do not want royalty meddling with our art. The case of the German Emperor ought to be a sufficient warning; Mr. MacColl has told us of his interference with painting, and when he tried his omnipotent hand at opera he drove von Bülow into mourning (not the mere chancellor, the great artist). A young fool may be amusing and even admirable; an old one is pitiable: but what are we to say of a middle-aged fool? However, there is no such danger in England. The danger lies in the apathy of the British public and its firm conviction that any profit made by music ought to go anywhere rather than to the musicians. We cannot expect Mr. Manners to be eternally working without remuneration, and instead of asking him to do so we ought to have committees formed in every part of the country with the sole object of ensuring as many opera performances as possible every year. The profit should go to a fund for opera; for from the beginning we must avoid the vitiating principle that music must save the ratepayer’s pocket.

I will return to this subject as soon as some details reach me of the various schemes now under consideration. No excuse need be made for devoting so much space to the matter, for the whole future of music in England is bound up with the question of permanent opera.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

#### MR. PINERO’S DOLL.

ONE of those periodical outbursts which amused Macaulay has abruptly ceased. The shadow of Bellona, vast and dark, has obscured Mr. Pinero’s doll. Patriotism has overridden the sense of propriety, and the ladies and gentlemen who write letters to the more sensational newspapers, signing themselves “*Indignans*” or “*Quo Usque Tandem?*” and enclosing their cards, have turned their attention from Mr. Pinero to Admiral Rojdestvensky. We shall not now see fulfilled Mr. W. T. Stead’s desire that Mr. Pinero’s play should be publicly burned by the common hangman—or was it the doll itself that was to be hanged? Whichever it was, I doubt whether, in any case, the ceremony would have been consummated. Mr. Stead is a neophyte, and has scant knowledge of Mr. Pinero’s record. That record is familiar to the playgoing public, and consequently the agitation against Mr. Pinero’s doll was half-hearted behind its surface of fury. The public knew that, however much appearances might be against him, Mr. Pinero could not really have been trying to corrupt them. He has always done his best to edify. He has always been strong on atonement, nor have his unrighteous ever flourished like the green bay-tree. The Profligate blew out his brains. Mrs. Tanqueray poisoned herself. Iris was driven forth into the night—there to perish miserably, or be reclaimed,

like her sister in "The Benefit of the Doubt", by a clergyman of the Church of England. Always has Mr. Pinero been on the side of the angels; and, if he has mixed with the apes, it has been ever as an intrepid member of the angelic secret service. If he has sometimes seemed to be running with the light and frivolous hare, it has ever been as an avant-courier of the highly-moral hounds. True, in "The Gay Lord Quex", the avenging pack had not overtaken its quarry before the final fall of the curtain; but everyone felt that it must have merely missed the scent. Everyone, I think, in his heart of hearts—everyone except Mr. Stead—feels likewise about "A Wife without a Smile". Its appearances would look black against anyone but Mr. Pinero. Anyone but he would stand convicted of impropriety. In his case, it is felt, there must be some unfortunate mistake. And so, indeed, there is. Mr. Pinero has received in audience the representative of a daily newspaper, and has spurned the factitious doubts of his rectitude. He does not, he declares, envy the minds of those who have read an indelicate meaning into his doll. This declaration is as final as it is superfluous. It leaves us nothing to say but that we, whose state Mr. Pinero does not envy, cannot but envy him his—cannot but envy a man whose mind is so untainted that he never, in repeated rehearsals, foresaw that we might find an indelicate meaning which was bound to be staring all of us in the face.

Please read no irony into the foregoing sentence. My aim was quite simple and straightforward. It was but to extenuate our offence. Mr. Pinero is evidently very much shocked by us. Doubtless he means to put us into a play, showing how prurient people must always come to a bad end (unless, by some lucky chance in the last act, a clergyman steps in to reclaim them). I appeal to him for a lenient view of our case. The effect produced by "A Wife without a Smile" does not really convict us of pruriency. It does not convict us of always thinking about certain facts which are not publicly discussed, or of taking delight in searching out things that might be distorted into sly references to these facts. I admit that there is no real impropriety in the play. If what happens in the play had happened in real life, and if these events had subsequently been sifted in a court of law, then it would be found, through collation of evidence as to time and place and so forth, that the antics of the doll were no proof of improper conduct on the part of anyone. But a theatre is not a court of law. A judicial verdict is one thing; a theatrical impression is another. And, the world being what it is, I cannot see how the average adult could, in the course of "A Wife without a Smile", escape the impression that the doll meant just that which he, were he a judge summing up on the bench, with all the evidence in retrospect, would absolve it from meaning. Even if he grasped the limitation of the doll's actual significance, he would surely, nevertheless, be beset by the doll's glaring suggestiveness. The suggestiveness would have been less glaring if the doll had not been manipulated as, on the night of my visit, it was manipulated at Wyndham's Theatre. Mr. Pinero has disclaimed responsibility for that mode of manipulation. Perhaps the mode has since been altered. In no case, however, could the suggestiveness be destroyed. And, anyhow, the alteration had not been made at the time when the protests were raised. And so I conjure Mr. Pinero not to be angry. No man should judge others by himself, if he himself be on a pinnacle. Let Mr. Pinero be content with his own infinite superiority.

The admirable little "Mermaid Society" will presently be to the fore again. Congreve, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Vanbrugh and other persons of the past are all to have a turn. There is a scheme by which everyone who subscribes five shillings to the Society will be able to buy seats at half the usual price. Subscriptions will be received by the President, Mr. Philip Carr, at 3 Old Palace Chambers, Old Scotland Yard, Whitehall—an address worthy of his aims.

MAX BEERBOHM.

## NIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

WAVES of the gentle waters of the healing night,  
Flow over me with silent peace and golden  
dark,

Wash me of sound, wash me of colour, down the  
day;

Light the tall golden candles and put out the day.

Smells of the valley gather round me with the night:

Honey is in the wind and salt is in the wind,

Like a drugged cup with hot sweet scents of sleepy  
herbs

And sharp with fiery breaths of coolness in the  
cup,

Wind of the sea, wind of the valley, drunken wind.

Out of the valley, voices; hark, beyond the hedge

A long deep sigh, the human sighing of a beast;

Under the eaves the last low twitter in the thatch;

Across the valley, harsh and sweet, the patient  
whirr

Of the untiring bird that tells the hours of night.

Else, silence in the valley while the night goes by

Like quiet waters flowing over the loud day's

Brightness, the empty sea, and the vexed heart of  
man.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

## AMERICANS AND THE BLUE.

THE interview is the first of the American social customs that has come over with the Rhodes scholars; and it suggests several possibilities not wholly agreeable in the prospect. In accordance with Mr. Rhodes' belief that he who runs may read, while reading men as a rule will not run, many of the successful candidates are athletes first and students second. If we may believe what has been reported—though it is to be remembered that interviewers from the days of Herodotus have often been willing victims of tall stories—Queen's Club next Easter is likely to abound in American competitors. Perhaps because they are a little older or a little more confident—and the American climate develops more rapidly than ours both physique and assurance—the new freshmen are credited with achievements unheard of in freshmen. We may perhaps except two athletes sent from Charterhouse, of whom one, it was noised, had run the school hundred in 9½ secs., and the other a mile in 4 min. 27 secs. It is true that one failed to get his blue and the other won no event. But supposing that these American freshmen should eventually come more nearly up to the reputation they bring with them and finally exercise a preponderant weight in the athletic club, a rather delicate and complicated position is set up.

The matches against Harvard and Yale are now more or less regularly established. Will Oxford be judged to have beaten Harvard if a deciding event is won for her by an American? The case is anything but improbable. But at any rate it will not occur frequently. Cambridge on the other hand will have American competitors continually against them. They will have good reason to feel aggrieved if as members of an English University they are beaten by those who are in no sense British; and indeed may claim that they are not beaten on their merits if year by year deciding events are won by this body of graduates, imported from abroad. This is the more likely as the scholars are bound by the law of their admission to be of exceptional athletic proficiency. The case of casual Americans rowing for Oxford was of a different quality. Certainly on the last occasion that this happened no Cambridge man—if he cared for his university—would have felt any objection. But in



athletics Oxford also would scarcely feel proper satisfaction in her representatives. It would be as if the club were yearly packed for the occasion, after the manner alleged against American clubs at the time of the last international meeting. This unfairness is increased by the accident that some special events are much practised in America and very little in England. Here however we may look forward to the small compensation that successions of American victories may induce Cambridge, after all these years, to consent to the rejection of one of the gymnastic events.

Less obvious but perhaps more intrinsic objections to the American representation of Oxford spring from the divergent views held in the two countries on the manner of playing the game. It is much to the credit of Americans that they are a people not readily absorbed. Their desire to "lick creation" involves a determination to lick it into their shape. Athletically of course they will have some trouble in making any impression on an Oxford representative whom, with American leave, we may call in this connexion Mr. Stonewall Jackson. But he too, as was said of the Confederate general, may need to take up his stand on behalf of the "pure and resolute virtues of his people". An American athletic meeting, as also the training preliminaries, is conducted on a very different system from ours. The ring is packed with useless officials to such an extent that the view of the crowd and the general smooth conduct of the meeting are not a little interrupted. Officials and competitors admit their friends, it may be their friends' friends. The professional trainer of the team is almost the most important person before or at the meeting. He is a person who may give himself up to the interviewer and say, on the one side, the sort of congratulatory thing that no undergraduate would care to have bruited and on the other may attempt, in his desire to score a point, to spread untrue and superfluous information. Utter and mysterious secrecy is one of the notes of American athletics, in rowing, football and athletics. In England no captain or president would think of attempting to conceal the doings of his boat or eleven or team. These obvious points of difference are of importance because in the case of athletic sports the approximation of English to American methods is a dangerous probability. We do not expect to hear of a president of the O.U.B.C. telling a rival spy that the boat will go out at 3 P.M., when he intends to row a course at 11 A.M.; nor of a captain of the football club appearing in an indiarubber nosebag and shouting mystic call-signals to his padded three-quarters. The Americans perhaps will not especially excel at either game, though some fine football players may be expected. But in athletic sports they are likely to come in greater proportion to the front and the changes which they may desire to introduce are smaller and more insidious. The idea of an American president of the O.U.A.C., devoured by a desire to bring the meeting into line with his native practice, has appalling possibilities. A hydropathic establishment at Brighton with a professional trainer and a posse of professional rubbers would be but a beginning. In these circumstances, though it is a long established practice of the committee of the O.U.A.C. to select presidents on strictly athletic principles, it is a question worth considering at Vincent's whether a foreigner can hold the presidency of an English university club which may have to select members for an international competition.

We believe that in most things Oxford will be strong enough to digest this foreign element. We do not expect to hear at university athletic meetings a barking chorus of Ox-Ox-Ox Oxford; nor are "fresher breakfasts" much more likely to become "ham-doings with the juniors" in deference to American idiom than "Schulknabe-frühstücke" in deference to German. Certainly the Germans, at present perhaps the pick of the new scholars, are too few to exercise any general influence on language or morals. But we have not quite the same confidence that the ring at Queen's Club will be unpeopled or that flat races may not become "runs" and "dashes".

#### THE GARDENER'S GENIUS.

THE effect of a man's trade or craft on his temperament is a subject which has on the whole received rather slight and desultory notice. We have, of course, the proverbial tags which label sailors as jolly spend-thrifts and farmers as incurable grumblers, the old stock humours inseparable from mayors and constables, and the like; but the most precise and circumstantial judgment yet arrived at in this direction appears to be the traditional attribution to tailors and shoemakers of a thinking quality, melancholy in the first class, sceptical and argumentative in the second, which tends to make them politicians, men of the people, apt to take more than their share in alarms and commotions of the State. This tradition has reason behind it, so long as it deals with the two crafts in their simple types—the tailor cross-legged with shears and goose, the cobbler at his awl and wax—not with modern machinists, the product of trades unions and Factory Acts. The prolonged sittings on the shopboard or bench, when the mind may leave the fingers alone to their mechanic knack and ramble at large amongst rights and wrongs of man; the exchange of opinion with customers or neighbours who make the shop a sort of club; the life of the street always in view through the window panes; such opportunities as these are enough to account for the growth of liberal opinions and the taste for *res novæ*. That this result is due to something beside the mere opportunity of meditation will be shown by a little consideration of another calling, fully as favourable to reflection, not sessile at a fixed point which perhaps is apt to become the centre of the universe, but moving in the radius of a definite tether—a trade whose reaction on its practitioners seems rarely to have been described. The gardener's thoughts are assuredly as long thoughts as the shoemaker's or the tailor's: the trick of the scythe leaves as much room for theoretics as does the wax-end or the needle; but if a gardener ever did take to building or repairing constitutions, it was only by grace of the gulf between theory and the risk of practice; the fantasy was only indulged in the safe sanctuary of the garden walls. Wherein lies the difference that while the men of thread are ready with patch or clump for the rubs of the State, the digger and pruner seems to have no idea of manuring its leanness with his particular compost or helping to lop its excrescences with his private blade? It may be worth while to follow up this question a little way; it contains a good deal of matter, even though the investigation stop at a safe distance on this side of Platonic classification, or sources yet more remote, to which it might with due expenditure of energy be carried.

In the scene in the garden at Langley, in Shakespeare's "Richard II.", the part of the Gardener sums almost the entire matter of the ethos of his tribe. The whole passage is like a breath of cooler air, a glimpse of quiet light along the plain, far below the storm-wrapped heights of the tragedy; and the means by which the effect is obtained are worth analysis. The Gardener's speech to the servants, or under-gardeners, is full of serene and detached philosophy, observing the coil of the world outside the compass of his pale, comparing its disorder and misdirection with the accomplished discipline of his own province. In the second part of the scene the uncontrolled passion of the Queen, beside herself at the overheard disaster, is contrasted with his steady judgment and width of outlook. He can afford to let his fruit-walls wait a little in order to confirm the fatal news, with a courtesy resting on independence; tolerant of the Queen's rating, he will set his bank of rue for ruth in remembrance of her tears. He has earned his right to sit in judgment within his own borders; the sea-walled garden, the whole land may run wild with faction, but his successions shall go on orderly; the dangling apriocks must be bound up, which way soever the crown may fall. His mind is steadied by its constant dealing with the primal necessities; his business marches with the motion of the greater cycle that brings round sunrise or seedtime and knows no such accidents as battles or the fall of kings. The man who has to adapt himself every day to the ceaseless change of hour and season and the never-staled humours of the weather, acquires (if he is worth

his opportunities) an elastic scale of comparison, an artistic delicacy of judgment which no merely mechanic stationary trade, no monotonous cutting or stitching, despotic within the limits of its well-shrunk or well-stretched matter, can hope to arrive at.

The gardener's physical surroundings generally help to fence him from any large risk of practical demagoguery. The stirrings of the street draw those other thinking craftsmen irresistibly to their open doors; the half-finished job waits their convenience, the threshold is crossed, they join the movement as it goes by: whereas the gardener, busy within brick walls or well-kept hedges, pauses a moment to watch the disturbance and then turns back to the transplanted seedlings or half-tied graft that will not wait for his leisure or the crowd's. But such defences as these are only outworks; the true gardener has within himself a charm against too urgent a call to the active life—the natural temper of the georgic life which Plutarch calls the philtre of peace. The true gardener, be it observed; for not all who acquire the gardener's forefinger own the gardener's soul: especially since the growth of a temporary fashion for the refinements of horticulture and its literary adjuncts, are there pretenders about. The genuine character is perhaps likeliest to be found in the real working gardener, the single-handed, ten-hours-a-day man who has spent his life in raising green-stuff for a critical world and has hardly time between Monday at seven and Saturday at five to look at the paradise he dresses and to observe the general effect of his work: it is not so likely to be found in the head of "a place", who has his deputies, can look about him, admire, and cultivate his taste in melons or pelargoniums. In a good specimen of the former class, elderly, weathered and mellowed by the seasons, there may at times be found an uncommon refinement, a vein of still humour and a fund of saving common sense; qualities which join to make a spectatorial habit of mind, loose from, if not counter to, the tendencies of the time, a kind of monastic or lay-brother temperament, as though garden-walls made something of a cloister. But although it is among craftsmen of this sort that the true type is most commonly found, the amateur is not altogether to be excluded, so long as he is no mere talk- and book-gardener, no novice, but one who has been summered and wintered to the full degree of initiation, a man of his hands, who can take to himself Pliny's voucher for his devotion, "*re vera amores: ipse posui*". It is even possible that among the amateurs the most perfect type of the gardener's genius may be found. Suppose a man of moderate parts and simple tastes, content with "friends, books, a garden"—(in view of modern developments of horticultural energy, Cowper's doubtful fourth term may be safely left out): suppose him, after full practical apprenticeship to the ground, somewhere in middle age to shake the yoke a little, get his double-trenching, at least, done by deputy, and find a bent back not absolutely essential to contemplation. Imagine such a man gathering his choicer pears or nectarines, in an hour of fine autumnal warmth which just recalls the heat of the day, of hazy air which pleasingly softens the ranges of once stoutly broken glebe; picture him ruminating on past harvests and yet looking forward—*ἀεὶ γεωργὸς εἰς νέωτα πλοῦσιος*—to new plans and ventures for the spring; and the picture ought to present the garden-genius at its best. It is in this age and standing, at any rate, that the faults of the character are least apparent. For faults it has; the man who traces the descent of his mystery so far back as the gardener does will hardly claim to be exempt from frailty. There is of course a catalogue of vices proper to the business: a sort of pusillanimity and inertia may at least be conjectured; too great a readiness, perhaps, to sit down and take one's ease while there are still worlds to conquer; a slowness in responding to popular enthusiasms or current ideas. There may be also the sin of making believe that the beloved hobby fills a fated hiatus in heroic schemes of life, whereas it is in fact only the natural expression of mediocrity taking the line of least resistance. Mediocrity, whether it pass here for a crime or a virtue, is almost a necessary quality for the genuine gardener's talent. Perhaps even a touch of slowness in the brain

is needed to make a man really free of a garden in all its meaning; it is the want of that kindly lesion which sends the strong heads to till their garden the world in their own fashion, and to yield to "old Adam's likeness" the easiest of victories whensoever a reckoning is made of the proportion of achievement to intent.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### "TOM JONES" FOR GIRLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I hope someone whose name carries weight will raise a powerful protest against John Oliver Hobbes' dictum that "the epics of 'Tom Jones' and 'Amelia' ought to be given to every girl on her eighteenth birthday". Mrs. Craigie is no doubt an extremely clever novelist and dramatist, but her knowledge of girl-nature must be exceedingly small if she gives this advice in all seriousness. Her argument in support of this astounding statement is the flimsiest imaginable: trashy, neurotic and erotic novels are being produced by the hundreds, and read by the thousands: "half the books now eagerly gloated over, and followed as exemplars of life as it should be, are utterly unfit to be read by girls", Mrs. Craigie told a reviewer, consequently let them read "Tom Jones" as a corrective! According to this view the choice lies between the hysterical, morbid, vulgar novel of the day—too often the work of the woman-writer—and the outspoken, eighteenth-century coarseness of Fielding, which harmless as it may be to adults is certainly not virginibus puerisque. It is good that a woman of Mrs. Craigie's reputation should express in no uncertain tones her condemnation of the modern novel of sex: the offspring of disease and degeneracy, the begetter too often of hysteria and viciousness. But what a profound pity to have destroyed the value of her words by naming "Tom Jones" as an antidote—the last book to be read, understood or appreciated by the English girl of normal, healthy instincts.

The choice is not confined to these narrow limits; there is a whole host of delightful, wholesome books which may be given to the modern girl stepping from maidenhood to womanhood of which at present she is entirely ignorant. Fifteen or twenty years ago girls of the upper middle-class were reading Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Oliphant, Anthony Trollope, and often C. Brontë and Jane Austen; to-day it would not be exaggeration to say that not one girl in a hundred has more than a nodding acquaintance with any one of these great authors. Consequently she possesses no standard by which to judge the contemporary novel and so falls an easy victim to its superficial attractiveness. The reasons for this extraordinary ignorance of the classic novels of our language are not easily discovered, but it is certainly partly due to her imperfect education, which would appear to fit her to pass examinations successfully, but which fails to make her love and appreciate what is beautiful in her own language. If before a girl had reached the age of eighteen she had read at school or at home some of the great masterpieces of literature, if her mind had been trained to appreciate what is noble, true and exalted in poetry and fiction, if her imagination had been cultivated and her sympathies broadened it would no longer be necessary to suggest "Tom Jones" as a substitute for —, but to select one name out of the many objectionable novels of the day would be invidious and a gratuitous advertisement.

Yours faithfully,  
ESTHER LONGHURST.

### THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oriel College, Oxford, 21 October, 1904.

SIR,—I have been interested in the review of Canon Henson's latest publication which appears in your issue of 15 October. May I, however, call attention to one obvious misstatement, viz. that "there is no surviving opponent of importance" in view of the latest critical



judgments on the Old Testament? Does not Professor Margoliouth survive? and has Professor Sayce ceased to be of importance?

Moreover, your reviewer refers to Canon Henson's ability in dealing with evidence. But, if we are to have an appeal to names, it is clear that he must take a secondary place. The greatest living expert in the science of evidence is the most uncompromising opponent of a system which, on this very score of evidence, he brands "Pseudo-Criticism". I refer, of course, to Sir Robert Anderson.

Trusting you will accept this slight emendation to an interesting article,

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
FRANK W. CHALLIS.

#### THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND CANON HENSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

21 October, 1904.

SIR,—Your reviewer, in your issue of 15 October, states in regard to Canon Henson's new volume, and the controversy about the Virgin Birth, that the Bishop of London's arguments are only accessible in back files of newspapers. May we mention that we have in the press a volume by the Bishop which will include both the Ely Cathedral address and others on the same subject?

Yours faithfully,  
WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO.

#### THE SPOILING OF ENGLISH—AN IRISH REMEDY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Belfast, 26 October, 1904.

SIR,—A short residence in England aroused in me a feeling of compassion for my brother barbarians which has been revived by the discussion following your interesting article on *The Trespasses of To*. Strangely enough Mr. Le Sueur's letter suggested to me the remedy ("It was the correcter American usage which produced a somewhat tardy English scrupulosity").

The establishment of a national Irish university has at length become a question of practical politics. Let this university then have its seat anywhere in Ireland south of the Boyne, provided it is at least 100 miles from the cockney city of Dublin. That done the English youth have merely to forsake Oxford and Cambridge for the new intellectual capital of Ireland. Contact with students drawn from the ranks of the Irish peasantry, i.e. from the class that furnishes 99 per cent. of the gentlemen of Ireland, will do the rest. Not only will *To* cease to trespass, but the final *r* (the ideal!) the unspeakable like (for *as*) and a host of similar genteel vulgarisms will be at rest.

Yours sincerely,  
D.

#### THE TRESPASSES OF TO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 Thistle Street, Edinburgh, 25 October, 1904.

SIR,—Will you allow me to point out that however much the word "averse" might in accordance with its etymology seem to warrant the use of the preposition "from" after it, it would be simply pedantic to use it, and indeed not one writer in a hundred would do so. The Century Dictionary says: "This word and its derivatives are now regularly followed by 'to' and not by 'from', although the latter is used by some modern writers. The word itself includes the idea of from; but the literal meaning is ignored, the affection of the mind signified by the word being regarded as exerted toward the object of dislike. Similarly, the kindred terms contrary, repugnant, &c., are also followed by 'to'."

"Averse alike to flatter or offend."—Pope.

"He was not averse to the match."—Goldsmith.

Yours truly,  
W. H. WRENCH.

[Our correspondent seems to think that because a dictionary says a thing, it must be right. We do not

agree. "It's in the dictionary" is not a more convincing argument than that "it is in print". In this case the dictionary is so unfortunate as to explain itself, citing the use of *to* after contrary and repugnant as analogous to its use after *averse*. The analogy is disastrous. Contrary necessarily goes with *to*, the root idea being to set A in front of B (originally for purposes of comparison), bringing two things together being the essence of the phrase. Similarly with repugnant, two parties cannot fight by mutually turning their backs on one another. The idea of aversion is not combative or comparative but loathing, the desire to get away from at all costs.

It is a time-worn device of the careless speaker to call the avoidance of his mistakes pedantry.—ED. S. R.]

#### EDWIN JOHNSON'S WRITINGS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hastings, 19 September, 1904.

SIR,—The notice of Johnson's "Rise of English Culture" in your issue of 17th inst. reaches me when I am away from home. The error mentioned by your reviewer is probably due to the misreading of the author's MS. That in itself is, however, of comparatively small import. Discovered by your critic, he suggests that Johnson was (or ought to have been) dismissed from his professorship because he could not spell Latin nor recognise an adjective when he saw it. If your reviewer will read the testimonials to Johnson's character and abilities in the biographical sketch prefixed to the volume, I think he will acknowledge that his suggestion is unjust to a good man's memory.

Another arrow shot at random—that the book has been produced at the cost of a "coterie" of admirers—falls also wide of the mark. I accept all responsibility for the publication, believing that the truth in it far outweighs any error. No "coterie" of admirers yet exists. The writers of the testimonials and "characters" quoted in the biographical sketch, the contributors to the publication fund, are unknown to each other, they have never met; and they are all personally unknown to me.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
EDWARD A. PETHERICK.

[Mr. Petherick does not contest the accuracy of our account of the contents of the book. Perhaps we went far in laying stress upon an obvious error. It would have been unjust to do so if the book had been sound, but the whole is such nonsense that it seemed to be a fair specimen of its contents. We said nothing about the cost of printing the book, and had not given the matter a thought. But so much is said about the author's friends and the value they put upon him that the case was to our mind similar with that of Hurrell Froude's "Remains", which were, as everyone knows, published by his friends. We still think the inference reasonable, and creditable to the feelings, if not to the judgment, of these people.—ED. S. R.]

#### MOORHEN AND WATERHEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 October, 1904.

SIR,—I am a Yorkshireman born and bred, and know the Durham borderland pretty well. Your correspondent J. C. astonishes me by saying that, in Weardale, the term "waterhen" denotes the dabchick, or little grebe, a bird of an entirely different genus from the gallinule (the moorhen of the South), which most undoubtedly is alone called the "waterhen" in all other parts of the North, as well as in Ireland. I can well understand a grouse being called a "moorhen", though I never, myself, heard it (the application is obvious), but that so distinct a "duck" as the dabchick should be called a "hen" of any kind is certainly remarkable. But if it is so, in Weardale, may I ask J. C. by what name the gallinule is known in those parts?

Yours obediently,  
A NORTHERNER.

## REVIEWS.

## THE APOCRYPHAL SHAKESPEARE.

"Shakespeare's Story of his Life." By C. Creighton.  
London: Grant Richards. 1904. 18s. net.

THE genesis of this work is so interesting, and, we may add, so significant that we will leave Dr. Creighton to give us its history which shall be related as nearly as possible in his own words. His friend the late Mr. Samuel Butler, who it will be remembered was the author of an ingenious and elaborate treatise to prove that Nausicaa was the composer of the *Odyssey*, lent Dr. Creighton a copy of his not less ingenious and elaborate treatise on the Sonnets of Shakespeare. In common courtesy Dr. Creighton could not refuse to read it, though he confesses that the subject had up to that time little attraction for him. He read the book and turning from the book he read the Sonnets. He became not merely interested but fascinated by them: and he was soon compelled to agree with his guide that "a story of some sort was staring us in the face". Mr. Butler had, like others, deduced from a line in Sonnet XX. "A man in hew, all Hews in his controlling" that the hero of the Sonnets was a youth of the name of "Hews" or "Hughes". Here Dr. Creighton parted company with his guide. He discerned at once that "Hewes" was simply a play upon one of the baronies or courtesy titles of the Earl of Pembroke, Fitzhugh, or Fitzhew and that the line properly construed meant "a man in hew (my Lord Fitzhew) the lord of all the sons of Hew". Pushing his investigations he was very soon on the track of another pun identifying the hero of the Sonnets with Pembroke. He had noticed that the poet sometimes referred to the rose-flower in the Sonnets, "that beauty's rose might never die", which "like a canker in the fragrant rose" for example. Now among the Pembroke baronies annexed by the second Earl "who was much engrossed with genealogy and heraldry" was "a whole garland of ancient and semi-legendary baronies", among them the primary barony of Parr and its pendants Fitzhew, Ros of Kendal. Why should the poet introduce the rose? obviously as a pun on Ros, "my Lord Ros, was what his mind was running on, and this transformed into Rose became a most appropriate pet name". Nor was this all. In Sonnet XIX. occur the lines

"Devouring Time, blunt thou the Lion's paws  
And make the Earth devour her own sweet brood,  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce Tiger's jaws  
And burn the long-lived Phoenix in her blood".

What have we here, exclaims Dr. Creighton in rapture, but a reference to the heraldry of the Pembroke family? "A lion with retracted claws, a tiger with toothless jaws and a phoenix are very nearly the supporters and crest of the Pembroke arms, the panther supporter being changed into a tiger and the wyvern of the crest into the more familiar and equally fabulous phoenix." Such is the evidence and such are the deductions which convince Dr. Creighton that the Earl of Pembroke and not William Hewes is the hero of the Sonnets and which reluctantly compel him to dissent from his friend Mr. Butler's conclusions.

But all this is merely preliminary to the astounding discoveries which similar testimony and similar deductions from it have enabled Dr. Creighton to make. Among them are the following: that the "rival poet" was Samuel Daniel, who on the death of Spenser in January 1599 became a candidate for the laureateship, which though not technically he practically obtained, to the infinite chagrin and disgust of Shakespeare who was also a candidate, and that this accounts for "the caustic and impassioned series of Sonnets of which the first is 'Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing'" that Dr. Creighton has also discovered from the 100th Sonnet to the end of the series that the Sonnets contain "the successive stages of a strange attempt by the poet to persuade Lord Pembroke to father an impending infant which was not his, the real father being, as Dr. Creighton more than insinuates, that most respectable old puritan Sir William Knollys, the mother being Mistress Fitton.

On Mistress Fitton Dr. Creighton has been able to throw new light. In a ballad bound up among the State Papers of the first months of 1601 referring apparently to some scandal at the Court in which Pembroke was concerned, occur the lines:

"The white Doe she was lost,  
Pembroke struck her down  
And took her from the clowne."

The White Doe says Dr. Creighton is plainly Mistress Fitton—he declines on the face of recent discoveries to accept Mr. Tylor's theory which identifies her with "the dark lady" of the Sonnets, gliding very smoothly over the difficulties involved in doing so—"the clowne" is as plainly Shakespeare. Having thus obtained, we quote his own words, "something like proof positive" of what is now familiar to us as the Fitton-Pembroke-Shakespeare scandal, Dr. Creighton propounds his main thesis. Shakespeare had two great grievances, his impeachment in the affiliation case of Mistress Fitton and the refusal of the laureateship to him in 1599, and these grievances and what these grievances involved haunted his life and are presented in symbolism in his plays. The plays particularly illustrating the first are "Hamlet" and "Measure for Measure", those particularly illustrating the second are "The Tempest" and "Troilus and Cressida". In "Hamlet" Ophelia (who had we are informed undoubtedly borne a child to Hamlet symbolised in the withered violets) is the broken and ruined Mistress Fitton, Hamlet is of course Shakespeare, Polonius is Sir William Knollys, Laertes is Pembroke, "his treachery in the fencing-match may have been meant for that breach of faith in the matter of the poet-laureateship of which Shakespeare accuses Lord Herbert in the 87th Sonnet". When Ophelia distributes her mementos she distributes them to the "three Wills" of the Sonnets, rosemary and pansies to Pembroke, rosemary having a punning reference to Pembroke's title of Ros; fennel and columbines to Sir William Knollys, the propriety of the gift lying in the fact that the first symbolises flattery and the second "horns": rue to Shakespeare himself. After this fashion the whole drama is allegorised with a perverted ingenuity which is quite amazing. In "Measure for Measure" which is similarly treated Mariana is Mistress Fitton, the Moated Grange being the old Tudor house now Temple House where Mistress Fitton resided after her disgrace. Angelo is Sir William Knollys, Escalus Fulke Greville and so on. Such is the reflexion in the plays of Shakespeare's first grievance. In the "Tempest" we have his second including a series of other feuds and misunderstandings with his contemporaries, symbolised with equally unmistakable clearness. Thus Stephano and Trinculo are Ben Jonson and Marston with whom it is assumed that Shakespeare was at strife, Dr. Creighton adopting as others have done a theory for which there is no iota of evidence. Antonio is Lord Southampton who we are amazed to learn had collaborated with Shakespeare in producing "The Merchant of Venice", "The Comedy of Errors", "Romeo and Juliet", and other of the earlier plays and had quarrelled with the poet because Shakespeare had assumed the sole authorship of them. Alonso is Pembroke, Ferdinand is "invented as heir to Pembroke", and Miranda is not Mistress Fitton but "Shakespeare's Works—the prospective folio of 1623". Caliban is "Shakespeare's carnal vesture, his sinful earth, his body of death". Prospero's reconciliation with his enemies is the prospective dedication of the First Folio to Lord Pembroke and his heir, Dr. Creighton not condescending to explain how Shakespeare could have known that Pembroke's brother would become his heir.

Dr. Creighton tells us that at first he found it very difficult to identify the personages symbolised in this play and he gives us an interesting account of the method he adopted in finding his clues. His first discovery was the identification of "the honest old counsellor" Gonzalo. "There were not many English statesmen surviving in 1611 to whom these terms could be applied, so that merely by exclusion I guessed him to be Fulke Greville." Pushing his investigations and scanning closely every line he noticed that "the strangely studied remark about one of Gonzalo's



pockets being stained with salt water suited the fact that one of Greville's offices was that of treasurer of the Navy, Antonio's object being with his usual cynicism to insinuate speculation". Then Dr. Creighton proceeded apace, "having thus penetrated amongst a group of English statesmen and courtiers I went on confidently to identify the others". Among other extraordinary identifications made in the other dramas is that of Barnabe Barnes, who we are told was Shakespeare's literary devil, with Parolles in "All's Well that ends Well", Bertram as Lord Southampton and Helena as Elizabeth Vernon; Pembroke Beaumont Fletcher and Daniel as Troilus Diomed, Patroclus and Agamemnon in "Troilus and Cressida". But our readers are probably as weary of this kind of thing as we are, and we will not pursue these absurdities further.

We have not the honour to know more of Dr. Creighton than what his title-page tells us, and therefore we cannot say whether, as may possibly be the case, he is a humorist laughing at his readers and has designed his work as a parody on the extravagant paradoxes with which it is now the fashion to perplex Shakespearean studies or whether he desires it to be taken seriously. In any case we greatly regret that so much ability and industry should have been employed so fruitlessly. If it be intended as a *jeu d'esprit* it will certainly miss its aim. It will only place another impediment in the way of sincere and sane Shakespearean study and add to that mountain of apocryphal rubbish which so many writers of the present generation appear to be bent on accumulating over the memory and work of Shakespeare and which it will be one of the most tiresome tasks of future scholars to remove. Of the increasing difficulty thus caused in distinguishing between fact and fiction, or to speak more correctly in guarding against fiction superseding fact, a more striking illustration than this book could not be given. Dr. Creighton implicitly accepts without inquiry or the smallest scruple the most baseless assumptions and conjectures to which the speculative criticism of the last fifteen years, especially in reference to the problem of the Sonnets, has given currency, and argues on them as established facts. And the same thing may be noticed in almost every work which has recently appeared about Shakespeare. Indeed the apocryphal Shakespeare, evolved principally from misinterpretation of the Sonnets, seems now to be almost universally substituted for the Shakespeare of authentic tradition.

#### GOSSIP OF NAPOLEON'S ENGLISH VISITORS.

"Napoleon's British Visitors and Captives, 1801-1815." By J. G. Alger. Westminster: Constable. 1904. 8s. 6d. net.

THE amateur of literary bric-à-brac of Napoleon certainly will not overlook Mr. Alger's collection. We can hardly apply to it that much misused term "monograph" which implies a certain amount of skill in combining and marshalling materials to form a harmonious treatise. The author displays no capacity of that kind, but his industry in research has been enormous, and he has identified many of the visitors to France during this period who must even have eluded the microscopic inquiry of the Dictionary of National Biography. In some instances Mr. Alger's catalogue has become a *chronique scandaleuse*. He distributes lovers and mistresses with so free a hand that we cannot help thinking that some persons now living may resent the liberties taken with the morals of their lineal predecessors. We admit that there are some personages like the Lord Yarmouth of that day, whom posterity has learned to recognise in Thackeray's Steyne, whose reputations can hardly be smirched, but we should keep mercy for Pamela and some others. However, even if the writer has not always put together his material with skill and occasionally retails stale gossip which he might more tactfully have allowed to die out, he has explored with success one of the few bypaths of the period which remained uninvestigated.

The rush of English society to Paris in 1802 and 1803 during the fleeting time misnamed "Peace" of Amiens is not difficult to account for. For ten years the most

fascinating city in the world had been closed to our countrymen; that city too had been the theatre of events which had appalled mankind while its destinies were then in the hands of a soldier who might still be excusably regarded as "one of Plutarch's men". We cannot say that on the whole the picture presented by our countrymen disporting themselves in the enemy's country is a very edifying one. It is difficult to understand the point of view of Colonel Ferrier, who wrote home to his sister "Paris is certainly the place above all others for young men. Plenty of amusement without dissipation; no drinking". The last phrase may explain the recommendation. Pleasure at that time may have been taken more elegantly, if not more decorously than in London, but gambling prevailed to an extent unknown at home, even in a gambling age. Englishmen too with any claim to distinction were sure of a reception often beyond their merits and Napoleon made the best of his opportunity for flattering Opposition leaders. But the national delight at the promise of peace was clearly genuine on both sides.

The events which followed upon the rupture of the short-lived truce were such as to make impossible the same good humour when the next English influx appeared in Paris in 1814. The war on its renewal took a more sinister aspect, and the relations of France and England became gravely embittered. The blockade and the Continental system exasperated both countries to a degree never attained until the Berlin Decree and the Orders in Council were promulgated. Many of the visitors of 1802 had become the guests of Napoleon in a sense they little anticipated. The seizure of all the Englishmen in France between the ages of eighteen and sixty as a reprisal for the embargo laid upon French vessels by our Government at the outbreak of war is one of those savage acts which go far to justify Taine's estimate of Napoleon's character. It cannot even be defended on the ground of expediency. The execution of the Duc d'Enghien did at all events put a stop to any further attempts at assassinating Napoleon but the arrest and detention of the English visitors served no useful purpose either of military or civil policy.

The faithful record of the captives and their proceedings furnished by Mr. Alger is not agreeable reading. It is indeed difficult for people in such a position to comport themselves for twelve years with dignity or perhaps even with decency. The process of spoiling the Egyptians at the departure of unwilling guests was never carried out with more complete indifference for the ordinary code of honourable conduct. The majority of the captives were interned at Verdun and the pecuniary claims upon them of the inhabitants amounted at the end of their captivity to £140,000. Probably a considerable portion of the total claim was fictitious but in the end the creditors received nothing. They sent a deputation to London in 1839 to endeavour to obtain satisfaction from the British Government, but, though Lord Palmerston seems to have held out some hopes to them, they entirely failed to enforce their demand. Generosity in the circumstances would surely have become our rulers; for Verdun had on the whole behaved well to the captives.

This is a matter on which it is not possible to speak dogmatically for, as Mr. Alger points out, the Verdun literature is disappointing; none of the captives dared to keep a diary. The principal source of information is the police reports furnished to Napoleon which the author has been allowed to consult. The result is a curious and entertaining chronicle which will prove particularly inviting to that large class of society which delights in family scandals though many people would gladly have left them in the decent obscurity of the French archives.

#### A SNIPPET PROFESSOR.

"Locī Critici." By George Saintsbury. London: Ginn. 1904. 7s. 6d.

RECENTLY an American, who felt that his study of the art of rhetoric had put him on the higher plane of intellect, gave a public lecture in Cambridge. The head of a great college presided and gave the lecturer the

sanction of his authority. The lecturer took his start from the Greek Rhetoricians, but in a few sentences it became apparent to the unfortunate chairman that the persons and achievements of the Greeks were known to the speaker only at fourth hand. Sophocles, Æschines, Aristotle, were lumped into close association as if they had thumped tubs against each other in contemporary rivalry. We have no reason for thinking that Professor Saintsbury was one of the people who shivered under the assaults of ignorance, but his book is admirably adapted for creating and satisfying such persons and he acknowledges that the perception of an American public ready to secure his services finally induced him to undertake this "porter's work" as he calls it. There is an apology in the phrase as in his more direct deprecation against a desire to ladle out the ocean with a bucket or a saltspoon. As the book begins with Aristotle, includes Horace, Petronius (sic), Dante, Daniello, Le Bossu, Gottsched, Victor Hugo and is intended to be representative of English critics from Sidney to Matthew Arnold, it is clear that the demurrer is necessary. The book is no more and no less than snippets from the critics, made just big enough to magnify the danger of little knowledge. The porter only supplies brief headpieces to the chapters and an occasional note.

But porter's work may be well or ill done; Professor York Powell never showed finer intellect than when he told history by contemporary quotations; and how great is the critical insight that went to the making of the "Golden Treasury". In this book we can see in no section either care or insight sufficient to relieve the work of the natural imputations. Perhaps the worst sin of commission is against Horace. The "Ars Poetica", introduced by a superfluous sneer at its value, is dealt with "by a mixture of abstract and literal translation". We will omit this cavalier method of treating a work of art, though the sudden changes from Professor Saintsbury to Horace make the chapter unreadable. What in the name of common sense is a student or teacher to make of the following parody of the "bonus dormitat Homerus" passage? The italics which indicate the lapses into the abstract are Mr. Saintsbury's: "*The good Homer adds a little below and the immortal as painting is, so is poetry follows, though in the original context it is limited to the necessity of viewing both now near and narrowly, now further off and at large*". This is translation indeed beyond the emendation of a Bentley. One can only treat the snippets in snippet fashion. The Spanish critics of the seventeenth century are knocked off in two pages; and what possible object can be served by including as a complete unattached quotation three and half lines from one critic to the effect that poetry is universal. He quite properly calls attention to the "vigorous 'Romantic' literature in the Spanish drama", but later when, if the book is to be of educative value, he should emphasise the supreme importance of the Romantic revival in France which began in the house of Charles Nodier and was most polemically launched in Victor Hugo's introductions, he gives one half-page quotation from the preface to Hugo's "Orientales"; and the stormy history of the critical movement that "Hernani" didactically and dramatically signalled finds no echo in these quotations. Even from the German critics of the eighteenth century—who occupy a short three pages—Goethe and Schlegel are omitted and he thinks it worth while to insert a title and only a title from a lecture by Gellert, which with a short note of his own form a whole paragraph. The question of the technicalities of verse is given a ludicrously large proportion of space in a book which sets out to be a handbook to the study of rhetoric. Nevertheless Milton's preface is omitted.

Mr. Saintsbury compresses his own contributions into small space. Yet it is often space wasted. In introducing Dryden, he selects as the first of the "three main notes" of his criticism "occasional slips of fact", a remarkably negative note for a critic who shares the first class in English criticism with a very few peers. His other two "main notes" both illustrate the oppression of his critic's style. The second note is "the ingenious and almost passionate, but temporary *engouement* for particular theses"; and the third "the wide, synoptic, appreciative, really historic

and really literary, *savouring* of literature". Among "slips of fact" is Mr. Saintsbury justified in giving the criterion of inverted commas to "long-drawn sweetness"? The only episode the history of criticism illustrates with any fulness is the Wordsworth revolution. It occupies more than a hundred pages—nearly a quarter of the book. The preface to the second edition of the lyrical ballads of 1800 is quoted at length and also the appendix to preface, as well as the supplementary essay and preface of the 1815 edition. These are followed by the famous chapters of the *Biographia Literaria*, "stripped of superfluities". Let no one underrate the importance of either Wordsworth's or Coleridge's contributions to the revolutionary propaganda. But no student could be ignorant of either passage, they are easily procurable; and in the case of his omissions from Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesy" Professor Saintsbury justifies himself on the ground that he desires to supply what is less accessible. On the other hand Wordsworth's beautiful letter to Lady Beaumont is not less valuable, and much less well known than the prefaces; and Coleridge has such a supremacy as critic that it was imperative to give another glimpse of him, for example on Shakespeare. Mr. Saintsbury's introduction to the Coleridge essay referring—in Mr. Saintsbury's more classical style—to the "excesses and paralogisms of Wordsworth's apologia", wholly ignores the cardinal fact that Wordsworth's preface was largely an individual expression of views that Coleridge had himself inspired in Wordsworth and talked over with him. Of course he could not "take up the cudgels at once".

Professor Gayley of California, it seems, gave the assurance that there would be a large demand in America for such a book. In view of this room should have been found for Poe, in his sphere a great and most individual critic. His name should appear in any review for criticism. Americans may console themselves that he is absent in the company of Charles Lamb. America has a good deal to answer for: this book adds another item.

#### NOVELS.

"The Garden of Allah." By Robert Hichens. London: Methuen. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Robert Hichens has temperament, but he has not genius. We should not expect to find genius in the ordinary novelist, but Mr. Hichens is so far above the ordinary novelist that one wonders just how and where he misses it. In choice of subject he shows a rare power of selection, and he invests with a certain distinction all that he treats, however unpleasant. He has the capacity of extracting from all he sees the sensuous elements. There is a trace of morbidity in his writing, and his outlook on life can never be that of the dispassionate critic or spectator. A certain feverish excitement clings to him. He has the secret of "atmosphere". One is conscious of it in every page he writes—some elusive quality difficult to define, but which makes itself felt and which leaves a subtle impression behind. But with all these attributes which distinguish his books there is always something lacking—something the absence of which stirs in the reader a sense of dissatisfaction almost of displeasure. It is as though he had been tricked or cheated, waiting, insensibly perhaps, from chapter to chapter for a revelation of consummate power that never comes. A touch of genius would turn Mr. Hichens from a good writer into a great writer and give to his work that quality of permanence which now it lacks. "The Garden of Allah" is in many ways the best novel Mr. Hichens has written. It is the story of a deeply religious woman past her first youth and endowed plentifully with wealth and health, who makes a pilgrimage to the Sahara for the purpose of trying to learn to understand herself. "Hers was a vague pilgrimage, as many pilgrimages are in this world—the journey of a searcher who knew not what she sought." Brought up as she had been in a cramped atmosphere of stern repression her nature unfolds in the new air she breathes. "She felt the enormously powerful spell of Africa descending upon her, enveloping her



quietly but irresistibly. . . . As she stood there the last grain of European dust was lifted from Domini's soul." The whole of her awakened nature goes out to Boris Androvsky, a monk who has run away from a monastery in order to taste life. He marries Domini without disclosing his secret and it is only after several weeks that he tells her the whole truth. No one, except those who, like Domini, have been brought up in the strictest faith and who have learnt to hold the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church as absolutely sacred can imagine the frightful horror of the woman at this act of sacrilege. "Soul and body felt defiled. She saw Androvsky coming into her clean life, seizing her like a prey, rolling her in filth that could never be cleansed. . . . God had sent a man to rouse her from sleep that she might look down into hell." In his terribly pitiless insight into the workings of Domini's mind Mr. Hichens exhibits a wonderful power. Her hatred of the man after his confession is but momentary and gives place to an absolutely pure love that has in it no element of selfishness. And Domini herself makes in the end the last act of renunciation in sending back the man she loves and to whom she has given all into the arms of the Church he has wronged. This aspect of the book will not appeal to everybody. It may indeed seem sometimes false and exaggerated to those who do not understand the power of the Roman Catholic faith on true believers or who cannot realise in themselves the joy of the supreme renunciation. But for those to whom the deeply religious elements do not appeal there is sufficient in the story and in the minute descriptions of places and people to render the book memorable. Mr. Hichens does not write for the young person, and in his analyses of men and women he is absolutely outspoken and direct. He gives a picture of overwhelming physical passion which painful as it is has the ring of truth in it. A man falls in love with a lovely Parisian courtesan who had "never lived, or thought of living, for one man till he came into her life". To him, knowing exactly what she was, came an overpowering desire to have her for himself only. The jealousy of all the men who had been in her life, who might be in her life again, maddened him and he proposed marriage to her. She hesitated. Although in her way she loved him "she knew that as his wife she must bid an eternal farewell to the life she had known. And it was a life that had become a habit to her, a life that she was fond of. For she was enormously vain and she was a very physical woman, subject to physical caprices". But at last she consented. On the eve of the marriage the man discovers that she has been unfaithful. Sick at heart he flies to a Trappist monastery, vainly endeavouring to find peace. The lurid description of the man's jealous agony and mad despair, undesirable though they may be in their hideous nakedness, leaves an impression of power that it is impossible to banish.

"The Sow's Ear." By E. L. Haverfield. London: George Allen. 1904. 6s.

Miss Haverfield in her new story "The Sow's Ear" has improved on "The Squire". We have here a carefully planned story cleverly worked to a logical close, well written and containing a wealth of neat characterisation. Years before the story opens a man out of work is more or less closely on the verge of starvation with his wife and infant daughter. A lady offers to adopt the child, and the mother, thinking it the only means of saving it, allows it to go, unaware of the fact that the father has found a means of making money if he can but get a little capital and that he disposes of the child for that purpose. Helen Dawson, the child in question, is taken away to Florence and brought up by Lady Clanfield as her niece. When she is twenty-four her benefactor dies, and she becomes at once very rich and aware for the first time that she has parents living in England. A quiet, restrained and cultured woman, she finds her people, the owners of a large country estate, seeking to get a footing by means of their money and in despite of their hideous vulgarity, into county society. It is a terrible position for Helen, a position that is further complicated by the fact that her one friend at Florence, a sculptor genius, is a nephew of the people at a neighbouring mansion, but Miss

Haverfield manages it at once with ruthless reality and with interest to the reader. Helen herself is a finely imagined and consistently drawn character, and is the most striking contrast with her intensely vulgar but smugly self-satisfied father and sister; while there is something absolutely tragic about her mother—the poor woman who has mourned for years over her lost first-born, who loathes the position into which money has forced her, and who obstinately refuses to pretend to that social veneer which her husband and younger daughter flatter themselves they have got. In her minor characters—the village dressmakers, the flirtatious widow and her invalid mother—Miss Haverfield shows once more that marked ability of which she gave evidence in her earlier stories. The thing that does not quite convince us is the fate of Harding; it is a touch of melodrama which jars because it does not seem natural, nor is it necessary to the course of the story. Our own impression is that he would have accepted the pleasant future offered him, that his egoism was greater than his affection for Helen—that he would have smashed the statue and married Ida, leaving Helen's destiny to be decided in a less crude fashion.

"At the Back of the World." By L. T. Meade. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1904. 6s.

The back of the world is the wild coast of Arranmore in the south-west of Ireland, the town itself lying "in straggling beauty to one side of the harbour, which was land-locked and of great loveliness". There is plenty of local colour in Mrs. Meade's latest story, but the plot is very thin and improbable, and the dialogue empty verbose. The author apparently knows something of Irish people, but there is no reality in her sketches; it is all accent, and "arrah" and "bedad". There is no life, no heart, and, above all, no sense of humour in her creations.

"A Garden of Spinsters." By Annie E. Holdsworth. London: Walter Scott. 1904. 6s.

This collection of tender, delicate little tales, each with its flower-name, rosemary, lavender, or wild-thyme, is like a fragrant bouquet, though a little faint and faded perhaps, as the scent of pot-pourri. The atmosphere is somewhat over-sentimental, and the sameness of the motive in each tale tends to monotony, but the sentiment is wholesome, and the one tone is of consistent sweetness and truthfulness.

#### BOOKS ON LAW.

"Cases on the English Law of Tort." By Courtney Stanhope Kenny. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1904. 12s. 6d. net.

"Cases Illustrating the Law of Torts." By Francis R. Y. Radcliffe and J. C. Miles. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1904. 12s. 6d. net.

Law though it is usually considered a very dry subject from the humanistic point of view has yet its departments where the man of education, as distinct from the professional lawyer, can find much that will interest him and increase his knowledge of men and the world. The criminal law is one of these departments and the law of civil wrongs or torts, to use the Norman-French term as English lawyers always do, is another. The law of torts has a terminology which is not repulsive: it is not the technical vocabulary of the archaeologist, as many of the terms of real property are, but of the moralist in a sphere of human affairs where ethics have legal consequences. Students of law have usually read some text-book which explains and illustrates the principles of the law by which certain large classes of wrongs done by one person to another are made reparable in money damages. But text-books by their very nature tend to be too dogmatic, and generally to present results in a cut-and-dried form, without displaying the intellectual processes by which the law has developed through the decisions of the judges. Yet this is the real intellectual discipline and culture which are so much more valuable than the contents of notebooks stuffed with decided points disembodied from the discussions of casuistry by which they have been evolved. These discussions are to be found in the cases "in the books". But the books contain thousands, hundreds of thousands, of cases; and even if a selection were made from them for reading, unless it were contained within moderate compass, that would involve the possession of a library which few persons have and very few need. In tort, as in everything else, the expert eye can distinguish between the necessary and the superfluous; and the tiro needs the expert's

assistance if he is to avoid waste of time and energy in futile efforts to master loads of detail which for him may be only so much lumber. The student of to-day may congratulate himself that in the two books above set out he has had done for him precisely what is necessary by the accomplished lawyers whose names appear as their authors. It will be noticed that Messrs. Radcliffe and Miles' volume comes from the Clarendon Press, Dr. Kenny's from the Cambridge University Press, and this of itself indicates the importance which cultured lawyers attach to the study of cases at first hand as part of the intellectual training of the law student. So far as we can judge by comparison it would be invidious to attempt to make any distinction in favour of the one or the other; except by saying that Dr. Kenny's book contains more cases than the Oxford volume. This seems to be owing to the greater variety of illustration of the general principles applicable to all torts. Under special heads, as for instance under that of Trespass to Land and Dispossession, the Oxford collection seems fuller. Incidentally no doubt the cases so given frequently illustrate the same principles as those in the cases formally set out by Dr. Kenny. Of each it may however be said that it is an accompaniment to his text-book reading which every student will find great advantage in possessing. Both will exercise him in following the arguments pro and con for a given contention and introduce him to the actual forensic methods which the Bar and the judges apply to the consideration of legal questions. The intellectual gymnastic is of the greatest value.

"The Digest of Justinian." By Charles Henry Monro. Vol. I. Cambridge University Press. 1904. 12s.

This is the first volume of an intended translation of the whole of the Digest by the well-known Cambridge master of Roman Law. The present volume contains the first book of the Digest and the editor hopes that it may be finished in the course of a few years either by himself or "by another". Mommsen's text is the one, as the editor says may be supposed, upon which the translation will be based. In an interesting preface the general utility of a translation is discussed and the method explained by which the difficulties of rendering Roman law terms into equivalents of English law terms have been met as satisfactorily as the case admits of being. Even the student who may disdain the use of any but the original text, and we surmise that he is rare, will find here a great aid to the mastery of the law itself.

"Principles of the Criminal Law." By Seymour F. Harris. Tenth edition. By Charles L. Attenborough. London: Stevens and Haynes. 1904. 20s.

Harris' "Criminal Law" is issued edition after edition with an almost monotonous regularity which must be highly gratifying to editor and publisher alike. There is nothing of any great consequence introduced into the present edition, as no important changes in the criminal law have taken place since the last: but there is always a ready demand for the book on account of its being one of the most successful that was ever written for the use of students. If an author can exactly hit off the requirements of this class of readers which is ever being renewed as one generation succeeds to another, a generation being some three or four years, there is no fear of his not selling. The examiners have of course much to do with it in setting books, but this depends on their utility to students and gives the reason for selection. There is only room for suspicion when a professor or reader produces a book of his own. However this remark does not apply to Harris' "Criminal Law"; and it goes on perennially as Williams on "Real and Personal Property" has done for an even greater number of years.

Three publications published by the Columbia University Press as part of its well-known series of Studies in History, Economics and Public Law and issued in this country by P. S. King and Co. Westminster, are worth attention by all who are interested in constitutional or international law. They are "The Office of Justice of the Peace in England in its Origin and Development," by Dr. Charles Austin Beard (5s.), "Treaties, their Making and Enforcement," by Dr. Samuel B. Crandall (6s.), and "A History of Military Government in newly acquired Territory of the United States" (8s.) To English readers the first-mentioned volume ought to be particularly welcome; and it is worth noting that Dr. Beard began his study of the subject under the direction of the late Professor F. York Powell at Oxford in 1898. In America the offices of Sheriff and Justice of the Peace are as well known as they are in England, and their earlier history is the same for the simple reason that they began in the early days of the English Common Law and were carried from here to America. In the volume on Treaties Dr. Crandall does not confine himself to America, though the American section embraces the larger portion of the matter; and the treatment is more detailed than that generally applied to the subject in the text-books of Constitutional or International Law. It covers Great Britain as well as all the European countries. The History of Military Government is distinctly a study of the subject as it has been developed in America where it has such intimate relations with the Constitution of the United States.

#### THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

The "Quarterly Review" eschews the fiscal question in its present issue, and is, indeed, in a domestic sense unpolitical, but by way of compensation the "Edinburgh" has articles on Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, the political situation and the commercial and fiscal policy of the Venetian Republic, the last apparently being written with a special eye to the commercial and fiscal policy of the United Kingdom. The "Edinburgh's" opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's policy does not diminish and therefore we suppose we ought to be grateful for the admission that even in economics good may conceivably result from evil. "Preference may still deserve support as calculated to win for us beneficial results in our economic and political relations with the Colonies", and this in the pages of a review which has always opposed both preference and the larger question of imperial federation. The article on Venetian policy may confirm the free-fooder in his prejudices, especially as we are assured that Capello, the patrician economist, though a protectionist, was a free-fooder, but it will not convince the tariff reformer that the first duty of a nation is not to itself but to the world. The political article anticipates an early general election, declares that the strength of the tariff reform campaign does not lie in argument, commends the clear position which the Unionist free-traders occupy, and concludes that there is very little use in the Prime Minister calling himself a free-trader if the whole strength of his party is to be thrown in favour of Mr. Chamberlain at elections.

Four excellent articles in the "Quarterly" deal with the chances of the Panama Canal, the prospects of the Presidential election in America, the present condition of Poland and the achievements of British officials in Egypt. The Panama project—"no longer an engineering speculation by French financiers but a definite national enterprise undertaken by the most practical nation in the world"—the reviewer considers will when complete do great things for American commerce but little for British. In the Presidential election, the issue is the "Quarterly" thinks President Roosevelt, "whose personality is more potent than any platform statement or partisan argument", and the triumph of the Republicans under his leadership is foreshadowed. The story of the success of Great Britain's "benevolent administration" in Egypt has been told so often that its re-telling by the "Quarterly" might seem wholly supererogatory: yet we find ourselves reading it with zest as though it were given for the first time. The reviewer doubts whether the public is as fully aware as it should be of the magnitude of the debt due to Lord Cromer. The Polish article regards the problem of the future of Poland as insoluble: it is an admirable account of the forces at work in the three different parts of the partitioned kingdom and affords a striking idea of the unity of the Polish nation in aspiration and sentiment, political and administrative divisions notwithstanding. We are not sure how closely up to date the article is because the writer talks of "this very year 1903".

In both the "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly" the Scottish Church case is discussed at length, the latter arguing mainly on the merits of the dispute between the Free and the United Free Churches; the former going into the whole principle of the relations of Church and State. The "Quarterly" is admirably judicial and suggests arbitration in the best interests of purely religious work. The "Edinburgh" is convinced that the history of the last sixty years has greatly narrowed in men's eyes the gulf of principle that formerly appeared to divide Established and non-established churches. "Independence" has been found impossible of realisation, and the reviewer draws the moral that the example of Scottish Presbyterianism should be full of warning to the members of the Church of England against any tendency to break into several sects. A third article dealing with the relations of State and Church is that in the "Edinburgh" on France and the Vatican. Just now when the French Government have brought their differences with the Pope to an open rupture the article will be read with wide

(Continued on page 556.)

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interest, particularly as it reprints in full the Concordat, the terms of which are known to comparatively few people outside the Church. The writer thinks Pope Pius X. has brought the incompatibility of Roman Catholicism and modern society to a climax, and though he is not uncritical on the Combes Ministry he considers the French Government have the nation behind them." He regrets however that the question of the Concordat should have been raised, and is amazed that the Vatican should have played into the hands of the enemies of religion. France and the Vatican in his view are equally interested in the avoidance of an open rupture, and reminds us that the State cannot in the long run be the stronger for being set in opposition to the Church nor the Church to the State. In the same issue of the "Edinburgh" is an article on the intellectual condition of Roman Catholicism in Germany and the extent to which the Roman Catholics either do, or are permitted to, participate in the intellectual revival in Germany.

Of the "Church Quarterly" we will not say that this is an exceptionally good number, which might suggest an inadequate recognition of this review's uniformly high standard, but it certainly does contain many articles of very especial interest. If we had space we should like to discuss nearly every essay in the number. The opening survey of religion at Cambridge will probably be most attractive to lay readers. On the whole it is not a very cheerful picture. It would appear that Cambridge was fairly representative of the people generally, the main body of whom (in London) Mr. Charles Booth reported as unaffected by religion. No doubt there is more effective Christianity, as more effective anti-Christianity, at Cambridge than in most places, but the average man, as elsewhere, is comfortably indifferent to religion—a condition perhaps more precisely contradictory of the Christian ideal than any other. At Cambridge High Churchmanship is weak; the Evangelicals are the strongest and most active school, but they do not concern themselves with the intellectual problems stirring the University and their influence is not felt amongst the thinking part of the community; while the Broad Churchmen are almost purely intellectual, and hardly amount to a religious force at all. This general result seems to be traceable partly to the merely critical character of Cambridge theology, and not a little to the indifference to college life of the fellows of the larger colleges, especially Trinity. Another very interesting survey is that of the Oxford Historians from Stubbs to Firth; it shows Mandell Creighton to be essentially the greatest of them all. We do not say that this is the conclusion of the reviewer, or that he wished to leave that impression, but it is the impression his survey would leave on us, and we should think upon any one, coming to it unbiased and without extraneous knowledge. For ourselves we are entirely content that this impression should remain. We note that it is said of J. R. Green's "Short History" that "the later part is not much more than a political pamphlet in which, like Freeman at his worst, he makes present politics past history." And that is the book the State thinks suitable for elementary school children! As a fact Green's book has never been fit for schools and never ought to have been used in them. The excuse for its adoption is of course that there is no book which is fit. Dry-as-dust abstracts are even worse than Green's partisanship. Other articles of note are the first of a series on the "Christian Society" and the first of a series on Church Reform.

There are four articles in the "Law Quarterly Review" to which the attention of laymen as well as lawyers may be drawn for their general interest. In "The Crown as Corporation" Mr. W. Harrison Moore treats of the influence and power of the Crown in its various capacities; the King as identical with or distinguished from "the people" or as personifying the State. An anonymous article on "The Divorce Agitation" is introduced by the editor with a note saying that for good reasons personal to the writer his name is not subscribed. The object of the article, which contains much useful information, aims at showing that the doctrine held by some of the clergy as to the indissolubility of marriage has never been the law of the Church since the Reformation. The conclusion seems to be drawn from rather inconclusive evidence. In "Judge-Made Law" the thesis of Mr. A. H. F. Lefroy K.C. is that so far from its being true, as some judges have said, that they do not make law but interpret it, the contrary is the fact; and that the whole of the rules of equity and nine-tenths of the rules of common law have in fact been made by the judges. We should hardly have thought this required so much elucidation. Mr. R. M. Williamson discusses "The Free Church Case." As to Parliamentary interference with the judgment he remarks "Acts are not infrequently passed to remove for the future what judgments of the Courts have shown to be hardships. But to take from a successful litigant by an Act of Parliament what the law had allowed him would be a dangerous precedent." This is of course said on the supposition that Parliament was not asked simply to sanction an arrangement come to between the parties.

For this Week's Books see page 558.



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